

# Maclean's

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1988 HONOR ROLL



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# Maclean's

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE DECEMBER 24, 1986 VOL. 101 NO. 53

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### MAKING A DIFFERENCE

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## CANADA

### THE SIGNS OF HOSTILITY

In a 54-to-0 decision, the Supreme Court struck down the Quebec law banning the use of languages other than French on commercial signs. The ruling left Premier Robert Bourassa facing the challenge of finding a compromise amid pressure from both extremes in the increasing language dispute. —40



## FILMS

### SUMMER OF FIRE

Gene Maclean gives a brilliant performance as a swarthy renegade in *Mississippi Burning*, a fictional drama about the civil rights battles that followed the state in 1964. But the movie fails to promote understanding of racism. Instead, its brutality makes it a celebration of vengeance. —61



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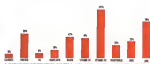
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## NEXTWEEK

The 5th Annual Maclean's—Decima Poll

The most extensive opinion survey generally available to the Canadian public asks how we feel about:

- Pollution and the environment
- Cities and housing
- Income prospects
- Personal morality
- Homosexuality
- Immigration
- The Olympics
- The election results

Have our attitudes changed over the past year? What is the mood of the nation now?

The answers are all in the Maclean's Poll issue, available after Christmas in the January 2 issue.

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

**Maclean's**

Oh, Charles,  
the bracelet wasn't necessary.

COURVOISIER



COURVOISIER

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Le Cognac de Napoléon

## LETTERS

### TAKING OFFENCE

I have been referring to see the multicultural philosophy of Canada reflected in the pages of *Maclean's*. But, as a black American, I was disturbed by your identification of the new Miss Canada, Janette Powell, as a "misfit" (*People*, Nov. 14). The term *misfit* is derogatory to many North Americans because of its negative connotation related to race-mixing. My years of visiting Canada and having many Canadian friends have reinforced me in your racial cultural designations such as German-Canadian. Simply stating that Powell "became the first nonwhite contestant to win the beauty pageant in its 42-year history," in addition to displaying a picture of her, was enough to make the point.

Douglas M. Ellis,  
New Providence,

National Association of Broadcasters,  
Washington, D.C.

### A WAIT-AND-SEE STAND

The article "A major new step" (*World*, Nov. 20) notes that Canada would not comment on the Palestine National Council's endorsement of the Resolution 242 until it had studied the text and consulted allies. "I believe that Canada should back the proclamation of an independent Palestine state. However, regardless of my opinion, with all the recent talk about Canada maintaining its sovereignty and self-reliance, it is curious as to why we have to wait and see how our allies react to the vote's move before taking a stand."

Martin Pfefferlin,  
Waterloo, Ont.

### BIRTH OF A NATION

In "Yalta's high times" (*Canada*, Nov. 20) you make reference to the 19th-century czar Prince Vladimir of Russia. This is a gross error, as Russia did not exist in the 10th century. St. Vladimir ruled a territory called Kievan Rus, an empire that stretched from the Black Sea to the Baltic, consisting of peoples that would eventually form the Ukrainians, Russians and Ukrainians nationalities. It is high time that Western writers and historians stop using the term Russia when writing about any event that occurs in the Soviet Union.

Annex Stojewski,  
Elizabeth, Ont.

### IN UNDER THE WIRE

How I agree with Wilfred B. Holaday's complaint about the American column being the first one in the magazine (*Letters*, Nov. 20). They have done it again with "The magic of Korea Kato" (*Cover*, Nov. 20). Where's Kato's Kato? Behind Ford Brannan,



Powell: A disturbing designation

George Bush, Yachuk Starnak, Bruce Asat, Benzer Sharin and the Kennedy. At least she made it ahead of Ellen Poole-Cunningham.  
Edna Solomon,  
Surrey, B.C.

I hope that you will not take too strongly the letter from Wilfred B. Holaday. While we don't need much of the cultural garbage that comes

to us from the United States, we do need Ford Brannan's type of mischief and often witty comment about our guest neighbor. Please leave Brannan right where he is.

Margaret Korman,  
White Rock, B.C.

### WELSH AWAKENESS

At last, an article on Wales ("Welsh nationalism," *Horizons*, Dec. 12), and a well-written and informative one at that. Even the Welsh names were spelled correctly. It is tragic, however, that it takes acts of violence and their newsworthiness to create awareness of the existence of a nation. Judging from such questions as "the what part of England is Wales?" and "Is Welsh a form of English dialect?" asked of me from time to time, it is obvious that there is some ignorance on this continent about Wales. Your readers may not realize that Wales is a separate sovereign principality with its own culture and language.  
Flora Jones,  
Windsor, Ont.

Letters are edited and may be condensed. Writers should always include name, address and telephone number. Most important, letters to the Editor must be signed. Please include phone, 177 Bay St., Toronto, Ont. M5H 1A7.

## PASSAGES

**AWARDED:** A \$4-million divorce settlement to Marjorie Black, the former wife of Toronto industrialist Montagu Black, 45, in Toronto by Supreme Court of Ontario Justice George Walsh. The judge determined that when the couple separated in March, 1981, after 13 years of marriage, Montagu Black had by then net personal assets of more than \$15.5 million. During the two-week divorce hearing last spring, the court heard testimony that Black owned 13 boats, 11 cars, a \$3.7-million Toronto house and a \$1.6-million summer cottage, all of which costs about \$1 million a year to maintain. His former wife testified that she needed \$541,247 a year to "maintain her basic living expenses."

**AWARDED:** By impressed anti-apartheid activist Nelson Mandela, 50, the highest academic law degree in South Africa, after passing a six-year correspondence course.

**DIVORCED:** Back superstar Bruce Springsteen, 29, and his wife of 3 1/2 years, actress Julianne Phillips, 28, in Los Angeles. Phillips cited "irreconcilable differences" when she filed for divorce on Aug. 30 from the star, who has been dating his widow singer, Patti Scialfa.

**APPOINTED:** Roy McMurtry, 56, the former high commissioner to Britain, as chairman of the Canadian Football League, and Phil Baker, 41, an OPL president, both in various roles. OPL, co-managed by Douglas McNeil, Baker is general manager of the Saskatchewan Roughriders.



**SENTENCED:** Soul singer James Brown, 50, to six years in prison for failure to obey a police order to pull over during a high-speed car chase, by Alaska, D.C., county Judge Robert Long.

**DIED:** British Maj Gen Robert B. Urquhart, 67, who led the British First Airborne Division's heroic but unsuccessful attempt to capture a bridge over the Rhine in the 1944 Battle of Arnhem, at his home in Port Maitland, Scotland. Urquhart was played by Sean Connery in the 1977 movie *A Bridge Too Far*.

**DIED:** Actor Richard Castellano, 60, of a heart attack at his home in North Bergen, N.J. Castellano became famous for his role as Prior Connor in Francis Coppola's 1972 film *The Godfather*.

# OPENING NOTES

John Crosbie travels on the cheap, Stanley Hartt returns from exile, and John Turner hears an echo

## SHUFFLING THE DECK

Opposition Leader John Turner shuffled his staff last week, shuffling Christmas presents in two key positions—while at the same time doubling his personal work load. Even though the size of the Liberal caucus increased by more than 100 per cent after the Nov. 21 federal election—the 83 members from 45—Turner has decided to assume responsibility for the onerous task of finance critic. That job was formerly held by Guyanese Gomers, who lost to the Tories in the riding of Montreal-Ahuntsic. Meanwhile, Stephen Hastings, who directed the advance men during the leader's national campaign tour, will become deputy to Peter Connolly, Turner's principal secretary. And speech writer David Lockhart takes over from Carleton University political science professor Robert Jackson as senior policy adviser. In a pinch, Lockhart could even make phone calls for the overworked leader. The reason he earned money by working on a stand-up comedian and he does a devastatingly accurate impersonation of his boss.

Turner's protection for an impressionist



## Going south in vintage style

Dink Baney will become Canada's ambassador to the United States on Jan. 3—and his wife, Joan, is already trying to shift the spotlight from their highly visible personalities. Alan and Sandra Gordish. To that end, Ben Baney has bought a rare, chrome-laden 1955 Dodge Meyerle hunk-toy club coupe. She made the purchase from reluctant expert Douglas Lefebvre, the husband of Murphy Lefebvre, Prime Minister Brian Mulroney's deputy chief of staff. Lefebvre's hobby has generated other sales to Ottawa residents: two years ago he sold a restored, 1966 cadet-blue Ford Mustang to Denise Remonde, the principal secretary to Min. Mulroney. Lefebvre said that he will complete work on the Baney's.

Baney: shifting the spotlight



burgundy-colored vintage car last week—in good time for their inaugural entrance into Washington.

## COLD BEER FOR THE SYMPHONY

The Christmas season is the busiest time of year for the 70 members of the Prince Edward Island Symphony Orchestra. But practice sessions are popular—because there is often a 50-litre keg of "Old Abby" beer on hand. Indeed, Island Symphonies president William Dixon said that he sometimes drinks a keg of the locally produced beer to the musicians. Declared one long-player: "Our rehearsals are well attended since the brew is ready and waiting for us. I had a couple of steins keep me and my horn in tune." Or so it sounds.

## On the trail of a celestial spy

The space shuttle Atlantis completed a four-day secret mission on Dec. 6—but U.S. officials refused to confirm that the craft had been carrying a spy satellite. Still, a 35-year-old Toronto energy technologist said that a worldwide network of 200 amateur astronomers linked by telephone and computer had tracked the shuttle as it deployed a satellite that may now be surveying much of the U.S.S.R. Ted Melczon said that, while members of the group had tracked other satellites in the past, this month's pursuit marked the first time they had shadowed a secret mission. Little Brother is watching, too.



Resman (left), MacEachern: aggravation and a reward

## INTRIGUE IN THE RED CHAMBER

For they officials, the duo has the most of rewarding public service while presiding as aggravation for Senate Liberal leader Mike MacEachern. In the past, the dear Cape Codder has gotten Prime Minister Brian Mulroney by delaying key legislation—including passage of the Canada-United States Free Trade Agreement with the United States earlier this year. As a result, some Conservative officials are now considering a plan to promote former trade negotiator Resman to the Red Chamber. There, the staffers

say, Resman's presence would remind MacEachern of the Liberal's failure to stamp the Tories during last month's federal election campaign. He could also contain the tide of the party's strongest detractor against Liberal attacks. Still, Resman knew of word of what was in the last week. Declared Resman: "I don't know there's anything in that. The occasional public servant has been made a minister, I don't know if they've done the system much here, and I don't know if they've done it such good." He may provide the latest test.

## HUNG OVER AND LOOKING FOR LOVE

Many ornate classes nursing hangovers—or occasionally skip lectures because of drink-induced headaches—while others boast of their active sex lives. But one out of every two Ontario college students reports that finding true love is difficult. A recent study that focused on the personal habits of the province's university students—according to the authors, the most detailed ever undertaken in Canada—found that 40 per cent of the undergrads had mutual crushes because they were hung over. Fully 30 per cent of the students had avoided alcoholic products during the past year—but only five per cent had used cocaine. Louis Glickman, a London, Ont.-based psychologist with the gravely named Addictions Research Foundation, said that he had queried 4,111 students (60 per cent of them women) at four schools across the province. He discovered that while 30 per cent of the respondents claimed to have sex at least three times each week, half told him they had never fallen in love. Apparently, it is not because of a lack of looking.



## The high cost of lunch

Travel Minister John Crosbie was the frugal-traveler award from Auditors General Research Dye last week. While serving as transport minister during the 1987-1988 fiscal year, Crosbie slashed the federal cabinet's unofficial ban on travel expenses. \$485. But one other Newfoundlander politician, at least, directly believes in travelling in style. Indeed, Milton Peach, the province's minister of housing, spent \$32,000 on a single expedition last summer. Peach, his wife, Joan, and Edward Power—one of his top officials at the time—spent 35 days touring Western Europe grasping the effects of offshore development on local communities. Their conclusion: Newfoundland could benefit in all bases. Peach did say that one lunch taken in Stanger, Norway—for \$462.56—was "outrageous." The size of the tip was not revealed.

Crosbie: a frugal traveller

## Back in the fold

Stanley Hartt is leaving Montreal and returning to a city that he considers more exciting: Ottawa. Indeed, friends



said that Hartt had bowed them by repeatedly comparing the two cities after he resigned a \$130,000 position as deputy finance minister in order to double—at least—his income in a Montreal law practice last May. But as chief of staff to Prime Minister Brian Mulroney, Hartt will have to deal with the problem that caused his earlier making ends meet on a shrunken salary.





“A real pyramid. Wow! I didn't know they had pyramids so close to home. It even left Dad speechless. Oh, and we stayed in this really awesome hotel. Did I tell you about the clothes I brought back? Great colors! And the Mexican people were terrific. They were even nice to my little brother. Now that's incredible!”

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Los Angeles de México

## AN AMERICAN VIEW



# Bloomingdale's man in Moscow

BY FRED BRUNING

**B**lack cadavers in the Soviet Union demanded that he leave town. Mikhail Gorbachev swept through lower Manhattan for a gender at the World Trade Center and Wall Street. It was an amazing episode because the brokers cheered for good old Gorb, waving, one supposes, that here was a man who, presided with the opportunity, would lay down his rules on skyline lechers and liver lovers, who would buy long and sell short with the best of them, who, beneath the layers of culture and pretense was just trying to make a buck like everybody else.

Well, at another point, Gorbachev stopped in front of Bloomingdale's to greet admirers, the crowd seemed dumb. By dillying outside one of New York's great commercial bazaars, the general secretary of the Communist party had shown his American foreignness as surely as if he had petted for seagulls. Give me another five years to canalize his fancies and the GUM store in Moscow will be selling monogrammed bikini underwear and Minkos watches.

Only a couple of days before Gorbachev's visit, thousands of New Yorkers had reflected their own commitment to capitalism by participating in a state-run Lotto game guaranteeing a jackpot of \$54 million—a concept that might have staggered even the liberated monk at the general secretary. So far as is known, nothing like a \$54-million lottery exists in the Soviet Union, where the problem may not be in pulling together so much cash but in finding a way to spend the proceeds.

As we sit well aware, the Soviets are out-standing when it comes to designing tanks and submarines and the sort of device goods necessary for the prosecution of World War II but not so hot when it comes to stocking the shelves with a decent line of blue jeans. Therefore, Soviet consumers, not many of them afford their own MGs interceptors or 38-30

*Give Gorbachev five years, and the GUM store in Moscow will be selling monogrammed bikini underwear*

rocket launchers, are deprived of the chance to lose the skills essential to the modern marketplace.

Here, the United States demonstrates its superiority most clearly. Simply put, our people know how to extract their accoutrements. They have pretenses (and even mastered the art of it early age). They have spent just as much and spent their money on bubble-gum canes and little candies that explode in their mouths and high-performance skateboards. Upon achieving adulthood, they have unswervingly hard-earned cash for tape recordings of water splashing on the shore and for big-boy soccer-pink trousers. In the money games and out at gun, day-long, just like that. A little cheer! Put that pistol, keep the economy rolling. Meanwhile out of sight, our great manufacturing dynamo hums and shuttles—a stupendous machine capable of delivering all we want and need, and, in fact, a good deal more.

Rarely, if this dillyed on Gorbachev as he walked through our newspapers. In the United States, Christmas ads are nothing less than billboards to the rigor of our production line-man and the magnificence of our marketing executives. Tuppice, jewelry, pearl pendants, money clips, gold chains with built-in compasses,

scarf-clothing, microchips that go for half a week's pay—the list is endless, the delights numerous enough to make one giddy. I am sure that Nikita Khrushchev once said that the Soviet Union would buy us. Let the Communists tell us now who owns the cellular phones, the compact-disc players, the Walkman tapes, the electric toothbrushes sold as "house plaque removal appliances." Who has Macy's, Bertha's and Blooming's? Correct, dear Nikita, correct.

Not surprisingly, then, something like a \$54-million lottery is, for the people of the United States, no more diversion but a collection of life, without end, and without purpose. The buyer (shoppers) that say "born to shop," and the more metaphysical postcards that declare "I shop therefore I am," may seem light-hearted whims at best—silly, but it is a way of life that the sentiments go to the center of our souls. Nowhere is the American citizen more at peace than on the cash register line. Never do our citizens regard their money more convincingly than when they complete a credit purchase and remove the carbon as to prevent another American from emulating upon a spending spree of his own.

Previous to the latest Lotto drawing in New York, eager crowds forced placebos outside stationary stores and corner shops while chattering, computer-linked neurons struggled to keep pace with the bets. Officials dreamed that the odds of winning were precisely 1 in 12,912,563, but as the deadline approached, New Yorkers were anting their dollars at the rate of 26,900 a minute. Having bought 20 tickets, a woman revealed her hopes for the future: "I'd quit my job but I'd first try my best to be my environment business." Said another contestant: "If a mink coat would be nice. A Rolls-Royce would be nice." Mink coat, Rolls-Royce, chalet in the Poconos, six trips to Aspen, sitcom status in the bedroom, winning good with realistic wealth—what could be better? Not in a laboratory of spending could the Lotto winner sample every pleasure, not in two lifetimes.

As it turned out, the \$54-million New York Lotto prize quickly lost much of its gloss. Somehow, the oddity lottery seems of waning interest—\$6, 15, 16, 28 and 35—had been drawn by the deadline of no less than 12 tickets so that each successful entry would split \$178,600 annually for 20 years, after taxes, not the \$5 million that would have pertained in the case of a single payoff.

Now, \$170,000 is a nice bit of change to have around the house and most likely will live recipients from women about the wad going on the fringe or the clutch pulling to the inevitable. But the jackpot must be transforming, you understand, not the kind of benefit that would allow a person to get into the sort of serious, world-class spending that Americans crave so indignantly. Why, with only \$170,000 at his disposal, even a ticket holder in the Soviet Union might be able to rope 10 Americans expect to maintain their edge, they'll have to up the ante. What we need is a billion-dollar lottery and players bold enough to accept the consequences of victory.

Fred Bruning is a writer with *Hendrix* in New York.

# THE HONOR ROLL



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A writer Robertson Davies observes, people live in myths. The expressions of these myths may be, strictly speaking, fictional. But they arise from an honest body of beliefs and shared experiences that shape souls, construct nations and offer both a sense of identity and direction. The myths are told and retold, knowingly or not, in many forms—in a Norman Jewison film or an act of philanthropy by George Cohen, in the writings of Margaret Atwood or in later negotiations with mediator Bill Kelly, inside Kelvin Ogilvie's laboratory or in a dance on skates choreographed by Sandra Benet. Ultimately, in the telling of myths, there are heroes. There are heroes as well among those who resist and erode the myths that encase the nation. And that definition applies to the Canadians celebrated in this year's annual *Honour Roll*. Their contributions all served in their widely varied ways to make a positive difference in the life of Canada.

Some whose accomplishments are outlined on the following pages—notably the multi-decorated peacekeeper Lt.-Col. Donald Ritchie—all bear laughs testimony to their heroism. But many of them, during *Marion's* interviews, received any heroic label. Apart from genuinely felt modesty, celebrity may also carry an unwelcome note of irony. As the central character notes in Atwood's new novel, *Cat's Eye*, "Ezra's creep like gaze upon my legs." And surely it is long facts that celebrity can demand spontaneity. But in mythmaking, heroes are made by others, heroism imposed by those who benefit from it. "It's not the nature of heroes of myth to think of themselves as heroes of myth," says a character in Davies's *The Love of Peaches*. "The heroes are themselves simply as things doing the best they can in a special situation."

Doing the best they can has meant, for Kenneth Davis and his forgers and volunteers, reinforcing Canada's reputation for inviting a hand in others. For Calgary Olympians organizer Frank King, it brought much of the world to focus on a festival of human commonness. And for the entertaining trio Shamus, Laine & Brown, in Sharon Henson's words, "the message is simple"—and, with that, the mythic promise of childhood.

All of the people on this year's *Honour Roll* made their contributions in their own special situations. But their accomplishments gained wider recognition during a year when Canada at large was in a special situation—precious and seldom before in its emotional national debate over the country's identity and purpose. In that atmosphere, those who have helped to stimulate a sense of nationalhood, intentionally or not, play a special role for Canadians on both sides of the free trade argument. Their actions paradoxically measure both those who fear the nation's future and those who control that Canada is mature enough to remove its closer links with the United States.

In such circumstances, there are many ob-



**HEROES ARE MADE  
IN WORDS, MUSIC  
AND SIMPLY BY  
DOING THINGS WELL**

ers who warrant honors. They include politicians who have been on the front line of the argument over the nation's purpose and direction during the November federal election. Writers or losers in the election, at times even in the best of the campaign, they nevertheless helped all Canadians to think about who they are and what they want to be. In the end, as it has been for the inaugural *Honour Roll* in 1985, *Marion's* editors decided to limit the list to people who are not actively engaged in partisan politics in a career.

There are also many Canadians not listed here—and many of them celebrated elsewhere—who made honorable contributions through the arts and entertainment, peacekeeping and foreign aid, science and sports, philanthropy and industry. And many who made a difference in 1988 are among Canadians who have been celebrated earlier in *Marion's* for their achievements.

The gifts of those who receive the 1988 *Honour Roll* medallions are related by Senior Writer Glen Wood, who was assisted by bureau correspondents Glen Allen as Editor, Marc Clark in Ottawa, John Hume in Calgary and the *Marion's* staff of researcher-reporters. The stories of the people honored in this issue suggest that Canadians have reason to suppress one of their most desirable national myths. That is, as peacekeeper Donald Ritchie expressed it—"Canadians don't overreact." The people featured in the following 12 stories are citizens, for sure as a year, to do so.

CARL MOLLINS

# A MAN OF SHINING ARTISTRY ON A WORLD STAGE

## ROBERTSON DAVIES

Robertson Davies's standing at the pinnacle of Canadian letters—and in the top rank of English literature everywhere—was confirmed with *The Lyre of Orpheus*.

In the thin sunlight that drifts in the window from the quadrangle of Toronto's Massey College, he looks easily he might be one of his own characters. Leaning back in his wingback chair, he enunciates his views in mid-Atlantic accents streaked with the elegance and erudition of the university common room. The flowing mane of white hair and wavy beard convey an impression of wisdom, like the lines whiskeys and then powder that he once wore as an actor. But, in 75, the years have not blunted the perceptions of Robertson Davies nor dulled the bite of his opinions. His standing at the summit of Canadian letters—and in the top rank of English literature everywhere—was confirmed this year with *The Lyre of Orpheus*, the concluding work in the final trilogy of novels he has completed since 1961.

It was an occasion for eulogies from critics across Canada and abroad—for his mastery use of language, a sophisticated use of myth and above all for his storytelling talent. Davies himself says that his work serves a broader purpose than simply amusing readers, observing that authors have to also shape and define their nation's emerging soul. "The influence that a writer exercises is slow and indirect," he says. "But I think Canada finds itself through its authors."

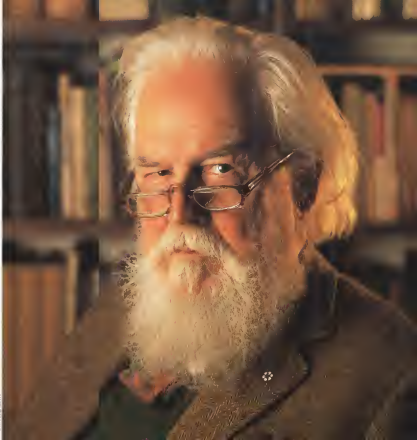
Davies says that readers who acquire doubt "where I get my ideas" irritate him. But those questions arise naturally from admirers, who buy hundreds of thousands of his books in a dozen languages. His novels are sweeping in their scope—*Orpheus* ranges through matters as various as the origins of opera and AIDS—and are richly ornamented as in Edwidge's drawing room.

The author acknowledges that his books are

preoccupied with ideas, unripe plots, and often-bizarre casts of characters. He notes that "people call me an elitist," but adds, "It doesn't bother me at the least." As for the urban appraisals, severely confined circles, misapprehensions and typos who populate his books, he adds, "There are people like that in the real world." His vision of the world was nurtured by British author-critic Anthony Burgess, for one, who wrote that Davies's books "are made out of the fabric of life."

Davies has devoted his career to life's theater and its cast of characters. The son of the late Senator Robert Davies, a prominent Ontario newspaper owner, Davies studied at Oxford and briefly pursued a British stage career before the Second World War, when he returned to Canada, where he was rejected for military service on medical grounds. He worked as a journalist and eventually became editor of the family-owned *Peterborough, Ont., Examiner*. In 1961, he was appointed master of the University of Toronto's Massey College, where he has retained an office since retiring in 1981.

His opinions are as peripatetic as the plots of his novels. Davies says that he is concerned about Canada's open-door immigration policy—"We should be more watchful"—and about the intellectual limbo of Canadians—"We are surely one of the most lap-dogged countries in the world." Still, he says that society is experiencing a renewed appreciation of racial integrity. "If you fly in the face of your innermost convictions," he observes, "you are inevitably going to pay a high price for it." He sums up his own moral perspective in a staid-sounding worthy of Samuel Beckett, the scholarly priest in the simile of *The Lyre of Orpheus*. "God is not mocked," declares Davies. □



# NEW FAME FOR A SOARING SUPERSTAR

## k. d. lang

*Critics' strained descriptions of the 27-year-old Alberta's style have ranged from 'boch and twang' to 'cow-punk country.' But her fans say that they love her full-throttle stage presence and smoldering voice*

**I**n the end of a long day near the end of an exhausting year, and early dawn k. d.—the lower case is intentional! lang, 27 years old just two days before, clearly wishes 1988 were over. Beyond the windows, night and rain have gripped Vancouver in a damp fist. Inside the offices of Roundtree Records, five cluttered rooms above a government warehouse, k. d. lang is smiling, yet apologetic, for a photographer. The photo shoot is the day's second, and there are more interviews to do—several by telephone to Australia—before she can head away for a quiet dinner (strictly vegetarian) with a friend. The attention is a measure of the new respect being accorded the Alberta-born singer with the androgynous good looks and smoldering voice. And with her 1988 smash-hit album, *Shadeedland*, her religious success now seems assured. But, says lang: "Success robs you of your anonymity. And that robs you of your spontaneity. To me, that is sacrificial." That is precisely the problem she now faces, because in 1988 critics, fans and colleagues came to recognize the immense talent of k. d. lang.

Music critics still have difficulty defining her style. Their strained descriptions have ranged from "boch and twang" to "cow-punk country" and "Patsy Cline's power made Poo-wee Hermin's soul." But fans say that they love her full-throttle stage presence and seductive voice. It took lang nearly five years—her first album was released four years ago—in to persuade skeptical country music purists that she was not smoking them when, early in her career, she dressed in red-down cowboy boots and rhinestone-studded gloves. Now, with her short hair and shadowed face, she looks more like a young Tom Petty than a Gully Panton.

By any professional standard, it was a specta-

cular year for lang. She has had a success of sold-out U.S. shows, a gold record in Canada, an appearance with Sting and Bruce Springsteen at a benefit concert for Amnesty International and triple honors at the Canadian Country Music Awards in September (entertainer, female vocalist and album of the year).

It was as a self-styled "conceptual artist" rather than as a country singer that lang, the youngest child of a Consort, Alta, elementary-school teacher and a dropout, first attracted attention in Edmonton. And when she recorded her first LP, *A Tasty Shave Experience*, in 1984, its debt to artists such as Laurie Anderson was as strong as anything it owed to Nashville. Lang made no apologies, declaring, "I don't border in music." Her second album—April with a *Lariat*, released in 1986—left commentators to ensure that lang's latest LP received the attention he felt it deserved. *Shadeedland*—an engaging collection of heartthrob songs and good-natured ballads—has sold more than a third of a million copies.

Lang is working this month on her fourth album. And her imagination was hyperactive. Said the artist: "I've got a lot of dreams, and they don't all revolve around music. I'd like to be a farmer. I'd like to be an actress, a painter, a motorcycle mechanic. I dream every night that I play for the [Edmonton] Oilers." That eclectic attitude should ensure that lang's music continues to perplex her growing number of fans as much as her voice delights them. □

# AN EXPLORER ON A FRONTIER OF SCIENCE

## KELVIN OGILVIE

*A Nova Scotia expert on genetics has taken a major step on the way to mass production of a substance that will help researchers investigate a wide range of diseases including leukemia, polio, hepatitis and AIDS*

Settling dust from the fog-grey front deck of Kelvin Ogilvie's frame home in Digby, Nova Scotia, the restless son of the Bay of Fundy surges against the craggy shoreline. Two generations ago, Ogilvie's grandfather and his sons brooded plaid those Atlantic waters as sea captains. Ogilvie's father, a retired insurance salesman and service-station manager, is a self-taught poet, painter and amateur actor. Ogilvie, himself, born six years ago near his present home in the village of Summerside, has gone on to become one of Canada's—and the world's—foremost scientists, exploring the intimate mysteries of living cells. And earlier this year at a Montreal laboratory, he became the first person ever to achieve a chemical synthesis of deoxyribonucleic acid (DNA)—the molecule that encodes the commands encoded in a cell's genetic material.

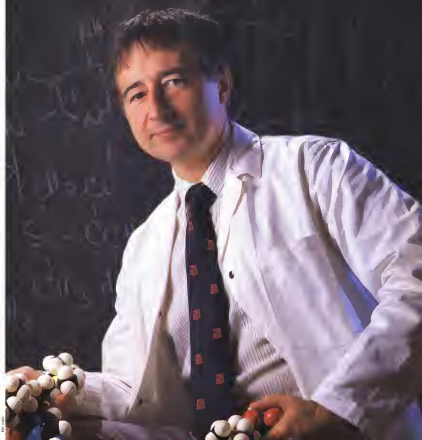
That accomplishment was a scientific milestone: recapitulation of the 1944 synthesis of deoxyribonucleic acid (DNA), the cell's genetic blueprint. The importance of Ogilvie's work—documented in the August issue of the U.S. journal *Proceedings of the National Academy of Sciences*—was swiftly recognized by other researchers. University of Toronto biochemist Jeffrey Wang, for one, described Ogilvie's synthesis of transfer RNA as "a fundamental advance that will open a lot of doors in medical research." Added Gordon Tresser, a biochemist at the University of British Columbia: "It is one—a nice step forward."

The synthesis that Ogilvie mastered is a major step on the way to the eventual mass production of RNA. That, in turn, will help researchers investigate a range of diseases that will now have realistic cures. Among them are AIDS, some forms of leukemia and polio, hepatitis—all linked to so-called retroviruses whose

genetic material is made up entirely of RNA. A greater understanding of RNA could also lead to progress in treatment for some diseases arising from genetic disorders such as sickle cell anemia.

Ogilvie unlocked the RNA riddle in a fast, sleepless 20-hour period late last winter, after a 20-year quest. In 1964, as a 22-year-old Acadia University honors chemistry graduate on a scholarship at Chicago's Northwestern University, Ogilvie says that he found all of science "fascinating." But he adds that he decided to devote himself to the study of what he calls "the very basis of our universe: the molecule." He says, "It was an area of chemistry that was then very hotbed." Ogilvie, a family man with three children who relaxes by boating, snowmobiling and studying Maritime history, last year left his post as Canadian Pacific professor of biotechnology at McGill University to return to his home province as vice-president of academic affairs at Acadia in Wolfville. "I am a Nova Scotian at heart," he explains. "And it is sad that the Ogilvies can't really get more than 100 yards from the sea." He still maintains a lab at McGill—communicating daily by computer—and he says that he will soon set up similar facilities on Acadia's 3,500-student campus.

Meanwhile, he has set himself a new goal: advancing the importance of science. Says Ogilvie, "Knowledge-based industries are surely vital to the country's future as an ecologically rich nation." As a percentage of the nation's wealth, he adds, Canada's spending on science "is about the lowest in the industrialized world. That is a travesty." For a scholar who has helped to satisfy mankind's thirst for knowledge of the inner space of the cell, it is a charge that commands attention. □



# KEEPING A DREAM ALIVE—AT HOME AND ABROAD

## GEORGE COHON

*Cohon's philanthropy is well known, but his business acumen was tested to the full when he decided to open the first McDonald's in the Soviet Union*

**T**he children who lead the chilly streets of Toronto early in November, he was just another costumed figure in the city's 33rd annual Santa Claus parade. Spectating, certainly, in his green top hat and tails and clutching a generous bunch of balloons, which he handed out along the parade route, but not nearly as captivated as the host of crowds who walked on their hands, he alone the jolly fellow in the red suit and white beard. It is doubtful that any of the youngsters, or even many of their parents, realized that without the effort of George Cohon, the slim, smiling man in the top hat, there might not have been any parade at all. For the the 51-year-old president of McDonald's Restaurants of Canada Ltd., the parade is just one reflection of the quiet philanthropy that he practices across the country each year.

Tough-minded and ambitious enough to build a nationwide chain of 566 restaurants on the foundation of a single hamburger stand, Cohon is also a shrewd, energetic, personable man. And his acumen was on full display in April when McDonald's reached an agreement with the Soviet Union to open an outlet within two-hour walking distance of the Kremlin—with at least 19 more units to follow. In the same month, his philanthropy was recognized with the award of the Order of Canada—the country's highest civilian honor.

Seven years ago, when the annual Toronto parade faced cancellation for lack of sponsors, organizers asked Cohon to help save the Christmas institution. Said Cohon, who is Jewish: "I don't celebrate Christmas. I celebrate Hanukkah. But children are the great equalizer. You see 150,000 children, and they are not saying 'I'm Jewish' or 'I'm Muslim' or 'Catholic' or 'Protestant.'" Added Cohon, who is now co-

chairman of the event: "I like to keep the dream alive that Santa Claus exists."

Cohon's life reflects the ingenuity of both sides of his character. Born in Chicago, he like his father, became a lawyer in Illinois in 1961. In the same year, he helped found a club for boys struggling to escape the city's ghetto. In 1968, the young lawyer and his wife, Susan, borrowed heavily to finance the first McDonald's restaurant in Eastern Canada. And on the day it opened, in London, Ont., he donated \$1,000 to a local charity. Said the convicted Cohon, an avowed salmoner: "It was dreamed into my head by my parents. You owe a duty to put something back into your community." Within weeks of signing the agreement that will bring McDonald's to Moscow within a year, Cohon joined the board of directors of the Aaron Sussel Children's Fund, a charity for disadvantaged young people.

Cohon involves his own children in his life and includes his competitive spirit even in leisure-time activity. Facing his two sons—one at business in the United States, the other a university student—on the tennis courts, he plays a relentlessly hard game. And Cohon levies his often whimsical generosity on his family as well—he loved Susan to a supreme birthday party in August with a forged invitation to a Soviet diplomatic reception.

But the letter that arrived earlier this year at the Cohon home from Government House is entirely authentic. And for Cohon, a Canadian citizen since 1975, the Order of Canada (that it announced was an unexpected and deeply felt honor. He said later: "I would like Canadians to have more pride in their country. I think the average Canadian doesn't realize what a great country he lives in." The contented Cohon obviously relishes it. □





## HONOR ROLL

# A FRESH OUTLET FOR SKILLS AND CREATIVITY

## SANDRA BEZIC

*When U.S. champion figure skater Brian Boitano won an Olympic gold medal in Calgary last February, he owed much to the hotly modern vision of Toronto-born Sandra Bezic, one of the world's best ice choreographers*

From her seat in the bleachers, Toronto ice dance choreographer Sandra Bezic watched intently as U.S. champion figure skater Brian Boitano leaped, spun and cut sweeping figures across the ice of Concordia's Riverview Coliseum. Boitano was powerful and precise. But his performance lacked focus and left the judges unimpressed. At the end of the night, Canadian Brian Orser emerged as the winner and 1987 world champion. Recall Bezic: "Brian [Boitano] was trying to be everything he was. He was trying to be quick and agile. That is not what he is good at. His qualities are strength and a sense of grandeur." Between that March, 1987, competition in Ohio and last February's Winter Olympics in Calgary, Bezic overhauled Boitano's program. In a sport in which men's and ladies' had long dominated men's performances, Bezic reoriented Boitano's program on aggressively masculine lines. In a new program set to music from the movie *Napoleon*, she says, Bezic, "has been trying to develop the emotion of a man at war." The result was a commanding display of Boitano's power on ice—and an Olympic gold medal.

For Sandra Bezic, 32, it was a doubly gratifying triumph. A Canadian champion pairs skater with her brother Val in the 1970s, Bezic has had a career marked by dominating setbacks as the fell for short of her hopes. With Boitano's Olympic medal, she shared in a deeply personal sense of victory. She also established herself as one of the leading ice choreographers of her generation, with a hotly modern vision. Declared Bezic: "I want to get skating out of the Lakerose school of design."

Born in Toronto in 1956, Bezic was skating by the time she was 8, and her talent quickly became obvious. In 1967, she and her brother,

four years older, won Canadian novice pairs champions. The following year, they entered international competition, and by the time Bezic was 13 they were Canadian champions. But the pressure of constant competition and a persistent battle with her weight took a heavy toll on the young skater's morale. In 2005, the Bezics dropped out of competition. "It was a classic case of burnout," she recalls now. "For three years, I did not turn on the TV while skating was on." They returned briefly to the ice in the early 1980s but never regained their competitive momentum.

In 1979, however, Sandra Bezic had discovered a new outlet for her creative energies and the musical, choreographic and athletic skills she had acquired in competition. Initial experiments as choreographing other Toronto-area skaters led her to design a pairs program for Canadian Barbara Underhill and Fred Martin. In 1984, they won the world championship. And since Boitano's gold-medal performance in Calgary, Bezic has found the possessor of demand for her choreographing talents almost as great as the demands of the peak of her own skating career. She credits her husband, real estate developer Dean Riva, for the emotional support that helps her to withstand an increasingly hectic schedule.

Earlier this fall, she travelled to Paris, Alaska and East Germany to choreograph an ABC-TV special featuring what she once described as Boitano's "honey" body and "grace" bone," as well as East German's considerable skating star Katarina Witt. A CNN network special with Calgary silver medalist Elizabeth Manley of Ottawa, choreographed by Bezic, airs in May. With her achievements in 1988, Sandra Bezic clearly is back on track with a mature grip on her career. □



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HONOR ROLL

## BLESSED IS THE PEACEMAKER

### WILLIAM (BILL) KELLY

*When the ace labor negotiator negotiated a settlement in this year's strike by 19,500 Bell Canada workers, he capped a 20-year career of successes and prepared for a well-deserved retirement on New Year's Eve*

The warring parties checked into Montreal's Queen Elizabeth Hotel three weeks before Christmas in 1988. On one side were representatives of Canada's two national railway companies, on the other, delegates from eight unions representing 85,000 of the railway industry's 130,000 employees. In the unbreakable middle was William (Bill) Kelly, the director of the federal labor department's then two-year-old conciliation branch. Even while that conciliation unit was being set up, Kelly had been active in another role: leading the 34,000-member Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen into a strike against the same two railway companies—a strike that ended only when Parliament passed back-to-work legislation. But in 1988, after only 21 days in his first major mediation role, an estimated Kelly emerged early on Christmas Eve to announce that he had accomplished the all-but-unspeakable: a memorandum of settlement. There would be no strike. Since then, he has earned his patently pragmatic to resolve, time to 70 over despite. His intervention has brought to an end—or avoided altogether—strikes in every major organized industry under federal jurisdiction. Now the peacemaker, who turns 65 in March, retires on New Year's Eve.

Over the years, Kelly's appearance at the negotiating table has dispelled the assumption of such critical services as air travel, mail delivery, grain shipments and the news provided by The Canadian Press, the national news agency. Kelly, a warm, intense man behind a brusque exterior, says that he was often guided by a belief in human flexibility. "I have a little saying—'When someone says to me, it cannot be done yet.' That approach worked again earlier this year when Kelly negotiated a set-

tlement in a strike by 19,500 Bell Canada workers that had disrupted telephone service in Ontario, Quebec and the Northwest Territories for 37 weeks. And in 1986 his steady refusal to let the federal cabinet to name Kelly to the Order of Canada, a highly unusual honor for a civil servant.

Kelly has been an unusual public servant from the outset of his career in government. A native of Toronto, he was trained as a ship pilot near the end of the Second World War and became a railway brakeman in Toronto as peacemaker. Kelly was an active seaman and by 1968 he had become the youngest international vice-president in the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen's history. Six years later, Prime Minister Lester Pearson's government asked the gravel-munch, chair-rocking union leader to head its newly reorganized labor mediation service. What seemed at first to be an unlikely choice turned out to be inspired.

Kelly quickly won the confidence of negotiators for both management and labor. "You can trust him," said Frederick Potomay, president of the 40,000-member Communications and Electrical Workers of Canada, the union that track Bill. Added Potomay: "He is very logical, very intelligent and he has a lot of street smarts." He is also tough. Said Kelly of his approach to bargainers: "I like to keep their feet to the fire and make them decide."

Kelly's tenacity and his wisdom have been models for other mediators in both the federal and provincial fields of labor-management relations. But Bill Kelly's special talents will be missed the most once a national union and its employer become locked in a destructive dispute. Men of his stature cross the national stage too seldom. □



HONOR ROLL

## THE LEADER OF THE OLYMPIAN 'DREAM-MAKERS'

### FRANK KING

*For the Calgary businessman who ran the Winter Games, they were an intensely personal achievement. He lifted the ambitious project over difficulties and prophecies of failure to make it a glorious reality*

**F**or two wonder-filled weeks in February, the XV Winter Olympic Games were the pride and glory of the entire country and the focus of many people abroad. For many participants, and for one particular Canadian, they also represented an intensely personal achievement. Frank King, 52, the Calgary chemical engineer and oil millionaire, led the ambitious project over setbacks and predictions of failure to make it a glorious reality. Recalled the festival's chief executive: "We told our volunteers they were dream-makers."

King, with his friend Robert Nowe, decided in December, 1978, that the Alberta city should bid for the 1988 Winter Olympics. Three years later, he took the microphone at a West German cinema, where the International Olympic Committee had just accepted Calgary's bid, to lead Alberta's then-Premier Peter Lougheed and Calgary Mayor Ralph Klein in a victory chorus of *Laud, it's Hard to Be Humble*. In the final 12 months of preparations, when he was chief executive of the Calgary organizing committee, King, perhaps alone, never doubted that the dream was possible.

A native of Red-Dirt, Alta., an amateur track-and-field athlete in his youth, King and his wife, Joannetta, are the parents of two sons and two daughters. When he organized the Games bid, as a director of the Calgary Booster Club, Calgary was reeling in oil money. When the Games were awarded in 1981, the city was slowly sliding into an economic slump caused by the falling price of oil and rising interest rates on borrowed money. Critics claimed that the \$350-million cost of the Games' facilities would leave the city crippled by debt.

When King decreed that the Olympics would be operated—like Calgary's famous Stamp-

ede—by volunteers, the organizing committee's first president resigned in protest. Then, a scandal erupted when irregularities were discovered in the allocation of Games tickets. Finally, there were dark forecasts that high winds would force outright cancellation of events scheduled for the ski jump in northwest Calgary and that chaos would ensue the snow from the downhill ski trails at Mount Allan, 80 km west of the city.

None of those disasters happened. Instead, there were 36 days of heroic competition and nights of celebration that were almost as heroic. The fact that the Games were Canada's gave a special aura to the achievements of some of the country's best athletes—as ours that would be especially treasured after the disappointment of the Summer Games. And in the accounting that followed, there was additional satisfaction for King when he was able to report in August that the Games had left an operating profit of \$46 million. The money will be used to finance sports activities in Calgary and across the country.

King has now returned to business—managing an investment portfolio that includes shares of advanced oil technology companies and a firm specializing in soil reclamation. Still, he cherishes his Olympic memories: jogging near Trail, B.C., in the Olympic torch procession along with his sons, and watching athletes and spectators mingle outside the clear winter sky at the awards ceremonies each night during the Games. And these are honors, including induction into the Order of Canada. Said King: "What turns people on is being at the summit, somewhere they have not been before. But the highest honor is being acknowledged at home." In 1986, Frank King discreetly managed back of those achievements. □



HONOR ROLL

## ECHOES OF 'SKINNAMARINKY, I LOVE YOU!'

### SHARON, LOIS & BRAM

Ten years after Sharon Hampson, Lois Lilienstein and Bram Morrison raised their top-selling album, *One Elephant, Deux Elephants*, the ringers have become the hottest ticket in children's entertainment in Canada

**L**ois Lilienstein owns her American cousin a debt. In 1978, Lilienstein visited her relatives in Chicago to ask them to assist in an album of children's songs that she wanted to record at home in Toronto with two friends. "My cousin Lois was 10," Lilienstein, 51, recalls. "I said, 'Lois, you put any good camp songs for me?' She sang me this song 'Skinnamarinky dinky dink, Skinnamarinky dink, I love you.'" Lilienstein and friends put it on the LP, *One Elephant, Deux Elephants*. Ten years later, the album has sold 250,000 copies in North America alone, the trio of Sharon (Hampson), Lois (Lilienstein) and Bram (Morrison) is the hottest ticket in children's entertainment in Canada and the wildly Skinnamarinky chorus has become their theme song, an infectious melody closing each episode of their syndicated television program and each sold-out concert.

In a children's TV candy shop of saccharine Care Bears and Rainbow Masters of the Universe, Sharon, Lois & Bram are refreshingly old-fashioned. They sing Germanically, they dance—they dance as well as their middle-aged parents with an average age of 42 and a large plush elephant for a sidekick can be expected to dance. Last season, their four-year-old television series—*Sharon, Lois & Bram's Elephant Show*—regularly attracted an astonishing 60 per cent of young viewers. At their live shows, their engaging humor and spontaneous sing-along style induces parents and young in the choruses with as much enthusiasm as their six- and seven-year-olds. "The message is music," says Sharon, "not how to sing, attract an adult audience." To their young fans, adds Lois, "we're not strangers. We can hug and we can talk like friends."

After a decade of singing together—an anniversary marked this year with their ninth album, appropriately titled *Happy Birthday—Sharon, Lois & Bram* are no longer alone in playing real music for children. As record-label choices in children's books and toy stores waned, a whole range of entertainers has followed in their footsteps. And, lately, the two former folkiesingers (Sharon and Bram) and Lois (the only one with a music degree) have begun to charm audiences in the United States as well. Last year, Nickelodeon, a U.S. pay TV channel, began carrying reruns of their show each weekday. And, earlier this fall, the three performers played 44 shows to rapt audiences in 23 centers U.S. cities—in Philadelphia alone, all 5,000 tickets for two concerts were snapped up within four hours. *American*, it appears, are as eager for an alternative to the non-musicalism of the entertainment industry as Canadians. Says Sharon: "We are real people." Adds Lois: "We are not marketing anything."

But the heart of their appeal lies in the respect for children that shines through whatever the trio does. They not only perform for youngsters, they listen to them. Many of their songs are adopted from playground tunes. *Peasea Butter* was contributed by a Grade 3 Toronto class. In October, the special relationship that they have developed with children was recognized when the United Nations Children Fund asked them to act as special ambassadors for the fund in Canada and abroad. Their role may give the cheerfully silly Skinnamarinky chorus a new and deeper meaning as a reminder of the promise and irrepressible optimism of children around the world. Few showbusiness could more fittingly repay Lois Lilienstein's debt to her young American cousin. □

# A MASTER'S INDELIBLE GIFTS TO THE SCREEN

## NORMAN JEWISON

*Over 25 years, Norman Jewison's films have won 12 Academy Awards and helped to make him Canada's most influential man of the movies and the patron of a new school for Canadian film-makers*

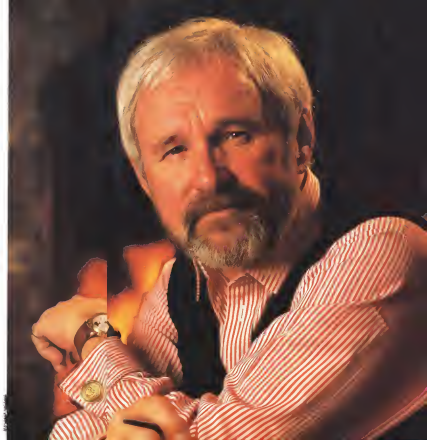
The fifth-floor office is a few steps off Stage Street in midtown Toronto. It has the luxurious leather-board look of a rich man's private lair. The constant trill of telephone calls from New York and Los Angeles gives it the air of a mogul's corporate nerve center. And in some senses, it is. But the windows that dominate one whole wall suggest another and more accurate image: The skyscraper view is impressive. It sweeps over the street life of the city and out to the United States shoreline across Lake Ontario. From that perch, director Norman Jewison, 68, constructs his finely crafted movies—many of them so American-themed—which have made him by far Canada's most influential man of the movies. Over a quarter of a century, Jewison has created a body of movies of remarkable range and style, becoming one of North America's outstanding directors.

Jewison's 23 films have earned a dozen Oscars over the years. A handful, like *In the Heat of the Night* (his 1967 examination of racism in the U.S. South—which took five Academy Awards—rank among the most significant films of the past several decades that even against that impressive record, in 1988, Jewison has been at the peak of both his creativity and his popularity. His movie *Moonstruck*, released late last year, has grossed \$68 million and won three Oscars. Jewison himself was honored by the Canadian film industry with a Special Achievement Award at the Gemini ceremonies last March and by Hollywood last month with a star on the famous Walk of Fame.

His intimate portraits of the American soul are the result of a long-standing fascination with the United States. "I have looked through America in a [Royal Canadian] Navy uniform after the war," Jewison recalls. "I became

fascinated with this vast country south of the border." But it was in Canada, as a director of live programs for the young CBC Television network, that Jewison learned his craft as the early 1960s. Later, from 1968 until 1976, he lived in New York, Los Angeles and London—returning to Canada only when he decided that it had become possible to make feature films of international quality from his home town of Toronto. Jewison, who with his wife, Dore, keeps a farm house in the Caledon Hills outside the city—where their children work with him on film—considers that his roots, his reputation firmly rooted in his Canadian past. "Growing up in Montreal with a Jewish name in the east end of Toronto gave me a very Canadian outlook," he says. "I think I was more objective because I was Canadian. We look at things with a slightly cocked eye. It makes our films more universal."

Jewison's eye is more critical when cast at some other qualities of his fellow citizens. He screens the overtly nationalistic notion that Canadian movies should be used as weapons from which to launch Canadian heroes. And he is deeply critical of creators who refuse to support successful film-makers. "If we can learn how to make good films," he notes, "the next step, surely, is to convince the banks to get involved in the financing." Jewison had both targets in view when he took the lead in establishing the Canadian Centre for Alternative Film Studies in Toronto, which enrolled its first group of film-makers in 1988. They will be hard pressed to outpace their mentor. On floor down from his office, Jewison's 24th film, *In Country*, is being edited, upstairs, Canada's pre-eminent cinematic observer is slowly looking ahead, securing the field for the story he will tell in his next movie. □



# THE COURAGE TO TURN THE OTHER CHEEK

## LT.-COL. DONALD ETHELL

*The 1988 Nobel Peace Prize went to the United Nations peacekeeping forces. The most decorated Canadian among them was career officer Ethell, 50, who has served six tours in Cyprus and the Middle East*

**T**he white north of the Golan Heights was already baked dry by the sun. It was 8:36 a.m. on a June day in 1984, and on the outskirts of the village of Qunesa, two intense moments glared at each other across a fragile ceasefire line. East of the line were the heavily armed troops of Syria. West of it, units of the Israeli army fingered the triggers of their own weapons. In the middle was an unnamed Canadian, Lt.-Col. Donald Ethell, wearing the blue beret of the United Nations. "This could feel the harvest on both sides," he recalls. But on that day, nothing would happen to ignite the volatile emotions on either side of him. The Israelis released Syrian prisoners, taken in 1962 battles in Lebanon's Bekaa Valley, in groups of 50 to march across the scuffed earth to the Syrian side. At the halfway point, each Syrian group crossed paths with a single Israeli prisoner released by Syria. By the end of the day, Ethell, a member of the Calgary-based Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry, had overseen, with other UN officers, the exchange of 200 Syrians and Israeli prisoners of war without incident. His unflinching courage at Qunesa was recognized later at a quiet but moving ceremony in Ottawa.

In October, 1986, Gov. Gen. Jeanne Seizel draped the Canadian Meritorious Service Cross—at the time, only the third-ever award of the honor—in its blue and white ribbons around Ethell's neck. That decoration joined a double row of other ribbons on his chest that mark six tours of duty with UN peacekeeping forces in Cyprus and the Middle East. They distinguish Ethell, 50, as Canada's most decorated peacekeeper at a year when the Nobel Peace Prize recognized the contribution made by peacekeepers from all nations.

His own contribution extends well beyond

the ceasefire lines. Since August, 1987, Ethell's unmatched experience in separating warring armies has been put to use at National Defence Headquarters in Ottawa where he is in charge of planning and implementing all Canadian peacekeeping missions. He has also advised UN officials on such operations. In those roles, Ethell this year arranged for five Canadian officers to monitor the Soviet Union's withdrawal from Afghanistan and for a 400-man Canadian unit to join the UN force observing the truce between Iran and Iraq.

It is a task for which Ethell has been well prepared since he joined the army in 1955 as a 17-year-old private. His first UN tour of duty took him to Cyprus as a reconnaissance sergeant patrolling the line separating Greek and Turkish factions in the northern mountains. Later, Ethell, one of only a few senior non-commissioned officers to be promoted to officer ranks in peacetime, served at Damascus, Beirut, Jerusalem and the Golan Heights. He recalls Beirut—where 24 identified armed factions vie for influence—as the most sensitive posting. Says Ethell: "On the Golan, you were dealing with professional organizations. There was much more tension in Beirut, where there are so many factions and so little structure."

His 25-year career has given Ethell a deep appreciation for Canada's peacekeeping culture—"Canadians don't surrender," he says. Ethell also pays tribute to the patience of his wife of 28 years, Linda, who has tolerated his frequent absences on duty. Now he is ready for a possible new assignment. If Canada is called on, as many expect, to help organize a UN mission to oversee the withdrawal of South African troops from Namibia in southwest Africa, Donald Ethell will likely once again be the man in charge of the action. □





## HONOR ROLL

# A RICH TALENT FOR ALL THE SEASONS

## MARGARET ATWOOD

*The phenomenal success of the latest—and perhaps the best—of Atwood's eight novels, Cat's Eye, serves to underscore the brilliance of her work, which has won her a devoted following in more than two dozen countries*

In October, novelist Margaret Atwood and her companion, author Gensine Gibson, went hiking for three days in Ontario's Algonquin Park. October is well past the season when the wilderness area attracts crowds of campers to its pristine lakes and lingering sunsets. In fact, the weather was bitterly cold, the stars filled alternately with snow and sleet. "We only had our three-season gear and we should have had four-season gear," Atwood recalls. "Did this dismay us? No, it did not." Indeed, there are moments when Atwood almost seems to prefer the cold, as though the unflinching precision with which she dissects human relationships were more easily managed with the subjects refrigerated. That talent has helped her to achieve phenomenal success, critically and commercially. Her latest—and perhaps her best—novel, *Cat's Eye*, was published earlier this fall in Canada and will have its first U.S. printing in February, promising to outlast even her 1985 novel, *The Handmaid's Tale*, which enjoyed astonishing sales of more than one million paperback copies in the United States alone.

Her 15 volumes of poetry and eight novels, as well as her short stories and essays, deal with serious—sometimes grim—topics. Death—real, symbolic and simulated—is a recurring theme in many Atwood books. Often, Atwood examines through plots and characters the question of what it is to be a Canadian, including the classic theme of survival against menacing surroundings. In *The Handmaid's Tale*, Atwood provides a parable on the mistreatment of women. And her writing exhibits a heart's edge. Those qualities have won Atwood a devoted following in 25 countries and 38 languages.

Twenty-two years after her second volume

of poetry, *The Circle Game*, won the Governor General's Award, Atwood commands the respect of most critics in Europe and the United States as well as in Canada. *The Handmaid's Tale* was Atwood's second Governor General's Award and was short-listed for prizes in Britain and France as well as being turned into a movie script—which begins filming in late January—by British playwright Harold Pinter. In the United States, a Margaret Atwood Society states about 100 academics who study her work. According to its president, University of Tampa English professor Rodney Nicolson, Atwood is well on her way to becoming "the most important woman writer of the next 50 years."

In conversation, her often clinical vision is softened with a sly humor and colored by the passions that Atwood—mother of a 13-year-old daughter, lives in both for social causes. She has campaigned this year against free trade and in favor of greater protection for the environment. Commenting on the silence gained by Canadian writers, Atwood says, "I get excited because there are now distinctive novels set in this country; new politicians bumbling along the streets of Toronto having their sorts of Canadian thoughts." The young authors of the next decade, she predicts, "are not going to have to add the issue up the same hill we had to the belief that other places did it better." Instead, she expects many to find inspiration in the environmentally sensitive images of native mythology. "What they have always been saying makes a lot of sense," she notes. "We will be listening to them much more than we have before." Margaret Atwood, clearly, is one author who will not be dismissed if the message sometimes lets with the beating wing of wilderness itself. □



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# A MAN WHO WORKS MIRACLES OVERSEAS

## KENNETH DAVIS

*Eleven years ago, an altruistic Toronto businessman started the Canadian Foundation for World Development, which has sponsored an extraordinary series of successful aid projects in a variety of hard-pressed nations*

It was a fateful and inspiring encounter after a particularly painful accident. In 1964, two-year-old Anna Fleischer, the son of a peasant woman living in the dry, bare hills of central Haiti, stumbled and fell against a boiling bean pot. Because of the family's poverty, the sores on the boy's right arm and neck were never treated and, as Anna grew up, her torso left his right arm crippled and his chest fused to his chest. Unable to eat properly, he weighed only 26 lb. on his 5th birthday, and other children scorned his deformity. Then, Anna encountered Canadian businessman Kenneth Davis, who had made a fortune selling engineering, mining and construction equipment. For the past 20 years, Davis, 68, has devoted much of his life and a portion of his fortune to helping the poor of the Caribbean and Central America. And when he met Anna, he immediately arranged to fly the boy to Canada for plastic surgery. Anna is now completely cured. Said Davis, "Miracles happen every day."

Many of them begin in the garage of Davis's large Toronto home. It houses the cluttered office of the Canadian Foundation for World Development, a charitable organization that Davis established in 1977. Operating without government funding but with the support of several churches and hundreds of donors and volunteer workers, the foundation has sponsored an astonishing array of aid undertakings in half a dozen nations.

In Haiti, it has taken an entire community under its wing: in a region of 400,000 people where 90-per-cent illiteracy contributes to an average income of less than \$200 a year, Davis's organization operates a clinic, helps to build schools and gives aid and advice on farm techniques and restoring depleted forests.

In Jamaica, Honduras and Guyana, it operates medical clinics. In Mexico, it provides free eyeglasses—secondhand spectacles collected from Canadian donors, labelled with prescription information and distributed from a mobile clinic donated by Ontario's University of Waterloo. And in other countries, the Davis foundation provides free communication against disease. For all of its projects, Davis acts as unpaid organizer, fund-raiser and chief inspiration.

Davis, who is married and has two grown-up daughters, traces his altruism to his parents—his father was a United Church minister—and a near-fatal car accident in 1960. Recalled Davis: "While I was lying in the hospital bed, I said, 'Lord, if I live through this, I'll change my priorities.' " He has. Since he retired four years ago—closing his 20-year-old company—Davis has pursued his foundation's stated goal "of giving people a hand up, not a handout," with the single-mindedness of a man who, literally now, senses that his time is short. In fact, it may be Davis is undergoing treatment for prostate cancer.

But he refuses to dwell on his own illness, concentrating instead on his aid programs. The volunteers he recruits are unpaid and they cover their own travel costs. Davis himself spends much of his time on the telephone cycling hospitals, school boards and corporations into donating surplus supplies. Over the years, the tactic has produced container loads of school desks, tons of unwanted steel and even one complete mobile dental clinic. Earlier this fall, one firm provided enough low-cost siding to construct 1,000 homes in hurricane-ravaged Jamaica. Davis calls it the "barter and fiber" approach to aid. Anna Fleischer, for now, provides proof that its success is a stirring tribute to a modern-day miracle worker. □



# THE SIGNS OF HOSTILITY

## THE POLITICIANS APPEAL FOR CALM AFTER THE COURT STRIKES DOWN QUEBEC'S FRENCH- ONLY SIGN LAW

In a Quebec City, armed guards kept the homes of the premier and provincial cabinet members under surveillance to protect them from possible attack in Montreal, police were on alert because of fears that riotous demonstrators might vandalize English-Canadian businesses. The heightened tension across Quebec last week underscored the controversy surrounding the latest episode in the province's long-standing language controversy. In a 5-4 decision, the Supreme Court of Canada struck down a section of Quebec's 11-year-old language law, commonly known as Bill 101, that banned the use of languages other than French on commercial signs. Most of the passionate language battles that raged Quebec in the 1970s and 1980s, political leaders on all sides urged moderation. "For God's sake, hold your horses for a little while," Parti Québécois leader Jacques Parizeau said in a statement derided at anglophone newspapers. Any premature attempt to erect French-only signs, Parizeau asked rhetorically, would be interpreted by his supporters as "provocation."

Although last week's judgment dealt only with the legality of Quebec's French-only sign law, the deeper issue was how far the province could go in attempting to preserve and promote the French language and culture. The Supreme Court ruling was unexpected, although the province had the right to require merchants to display signs in French, it did not have the power to prohibit the use of other languages. The ruling placed Premier Robert

Bourassa squarely on the spot, but he decided to delay a substantive response until Sunday, saying that he wanted to meet first with his 99-member Liberal caucus, members of the 406-member General Council from across the province and his cabinet before offering his "reflections."

But even before Bourassa's Dec. 18 statement, there was a flood of suggestions from all sides of the emotionally charged issue about what the embattled premier should do. It is a vivid illustration of the intensity of the language debate engulfing the province, cabinet sources said. The three anglophone ministers—Environment Minister Clifford Lewis, Communications Minister Richard French and Solicitor General Herbert Marc—sought reassurance from the premier decided to allow bilingual signs inside stores while keeping French-only signs outside. If he did so, Bourassa would have had to weigh the political consequences of exempting the signs provisions from both the Canadian and Quebec charters of rights. Some anglophones urged Bourassa to amend the law to permit both English and French on outdoor signs and to require that French be given greater prominence. On the other extreme were those calling on Bourassa to confirm Bill 101 by changing Quebec's Charter of Human Rights and Freedoms.

But there were indications that the public mood was less hostile: a poll of 700 people taken by a Montreal-based Telesis Research after the court decision was released showed that 58 per cent of those questioned agreed that other languages should not be allowed, and four per cent said that they did not know. But when they were asked about the effect of the Supreme Court ruling on relations between



the French and English in Quebec, 56 per cent said that the decision would worsen relations, 18 per cent said relations will improve, 18 per cent said there will be no change, and 12 per cent did not know. But previous polls have always shown that there is overwhelming support in Quebec for Bill 101.

Even so, one thing was clear: no matter what he decided to do, Bourassa was sure to face strong opposition from politicians and interest groups. During the 1985 provincial election campaign, his Liberals promised the province's linguistic minorities that if their party formed

### Student protesters in Montreal next, the issue of preserving an identity

the next government they would relax restrictions on bilingual signs. But once in office, Bourassa decided not to change the sign law as long as the vote against it was still before the courts. As a result, the controversy has continued for three years—during which time leaders on both sides of the language debate dug in their heels, leaving the premier less room for compromise.

Bourassa was under intense pressure from outside the province as well. The Quebec premier was one of the most outspoken proponents of the 1987 Maastricht constitutional accord because of its government-recognized special status for Quebec. But the agreement cannot become law unless all 10 provincial legislatures ratify it by June, 1990. As yet, neither Manitoba nor New Brunswick has given its approval. And support for the accord in English Canada, already under strain, could weaken even further if Bourassa's response to the Supreme Court ruling was perceived as leaving the rights of the province's anglophone minority.

In Montreal, where Premier Gary Filmon's Conservative government has a minority in the legislature, both the Liberals and the now-opposed the Meuch Lake accord—and last week Filmon agreed, in opening debate on the matter, that the agreement is "an error." But the premier also said that it was a "necessary first step" and suggested a compromise resolution expressing the legislature's reservations. Manitoba Liberal Leader Sharon Carstairs rejected that option, insisting that Meuch Lake should be amended. Earlier, she also said that any attempt to circumvent the Supreme Court

decision could include a backlink from the rest of the country. Added Carstairs: "We are a bilingual country, plan and sample."

Still, Bourassa's immediate concern was to quell opposition from Quebec nationalists, who believe that their government has an obligation to ensure that French remains the primary language of the province. Last spring, more than 25,000 Quebecers took to the streets to show their support for Bill 101 and urge the government not to give in to pressure for bilingual signs. That sentiment was echoed last week by the *Quebecer* de la langue française, a 13-member, government-appointed panel that advises Bourassa on language policy. Its letter to the premier two days before the court handed down its decision, the council said that French-only signs helped to preserve the special character of Quebec. "Bilingual signs would carry a totally different message," the letter added. "By putting French and English on an equal base, it would signal to immigrants that they can choose whichever language they prefer."

In spite of such pressures, last week's judgment did not come as a surprise to most Quebecers. Both the Quebec Superior Court and the Quebec Court of Appeal had earlier ruled against the sign provisions of Bill 101, which imposed fines of between \$60 and \$1,150 on companies that failed to display French-only signs. But the Supreme Court ruling contained an important corollary for Bourassa: in an ironic twist, the law justices struck down the sign law because of a provision in Quebec's own Charter of Human Rights and Freedoms—introduced by Bourassa's govern-

## National Notes

### CLOSURE IN THE HOUSE

The Conservative majority in the House of Commons resorted to closure to extend the house for debate and continue past the scheduled Dec. 25 Christmas break in a bid to pass the free trade bill by Dec. 31. Said Trade Minister John Crosbie: "There is nothing new to be said." A bitter Opposition Leader John Turner told Prime Minister Brian Mulroney: "You have let an election and you sold out the country."

### DRAMA AT SEA

The 27-member crew, including 25 Canadians, abandoned a U.S. vessel off the coast of Nova Scotia for safety. The ship, the *Adriatic*, 530 miles southeast of Halifax. They then spent 24 hours huddled in an enclosed bilge, before the team sailed enough for a Dutch-owned tugboat to come to their rescue.

### MAN WITHIN

Auditor General Kenneth Roy revealed that two-thirds of all federal contracts are not audited and cited a \$300-million defence program with which New Scotland built bridges where there are still no roads. Roy also reported that *Stemmer Canada* wrote off as uncollectible \$600 million in taxes due for the fiscal year 1985-1987. He suggested that the Conservative government had ordered the department to make up because of criticism of 44 past financial techniques.

### RULING ON MOHAMMAD

An immigration attorney ruled that convicted Palestinian terrorist Mahmud Muhammad Jib Mohamed should be deported to Canada. He had about the past when he entered Canada in 1987. Said Mohamed, 46, could stay in the country for several years while he awaits a ruling on a separate refugee claim.

### SHOOTING OF A BENCHER

Ontario Provincial Police have completed investigations of an accident in which two Peel Regional Police officers fatally shot a black teenager while he was driving a stolen car in Mississauga. Their report has been sent to the attorney general. The Ontario government has requested a task force to examine relations between police and visible minorities.

### CHALK RIVER SPILL

Company officials stated that there was no health hazard when about 110 gallons of radioactive heavy water, leaked with tritium, leaked from the Chalk River Nuclear Laboratories into the Ottawa River on Dec. 6.



Singer, wife, Jean, leaving Supreme Court will fight on

ment in 1976—that guarantee freedom of expression. The Supreme Court did not cite the 1984 Canadian Charter of Rights and Freedoms. Noted Bouscain after reviewing the decision: "One of the arguments raised by opponents of the federal government is that there is no external power imposing its view on Quebec with respect to language. That argument cannot now be used."

The court also appeared to give Bouscain at least some room to maneuver in his search for a legal solution to Quebec's language dilemma.

The ruling said that the province had the legal right to ensure that French was given "marked pre-eminence" over other languages. Some constitutional experts suggested that the decision would allow both French and English to appear on signs as long as the French lettering was larger. But others close to Bouscain suggested that this criterion of "marked pre-eminence" could be met by preserving French-only signs outside, while allowing bilingual signs inside establishments. For their part, opponents for Quebec's anglophone voiced opposition to that proposal. But officials of Alliance Quebec, an English-rights lobby group, had hoped to get the legal content of this compromise challenged. The French-only signs provisions of Bill 101, and privately that they would be unlikely to launch another court challenge because the group had little money left for a fight.

At the same time, Bouscain himself would likely be uncomfortable with the protection of offenders because of the prospect of provoking another lengthy—and politically embarrassing—court battle. Said Stephen Scott, a law professor and constitutional expert at McGill University in Montreal: "What is to say that in outside-the-arena situations, such as 'marked pre-eminence' except the court? And that ruling, if it were ever asked for, is a long way off." But before the court decision, opinionated columnist Michel Roy argued: "The outside-the-arena solution may violate the sense of its play in the English community. But it may appeal to Bouscain because it is a moderate solution, which should avoid provoking a social crisis."

Bouscain also had pressing political reasons for not wanting to appear to be giving in to the demands of Quebec's English-speaking minority for bilingual signs. Although his government has long been in office, the province's Liberal officials said that Bouscain would like to call an election early in 1989 to take advantage of his party's current high standing in the public opinion polls. But Liberal strategists acknowledged that the party's popularity could suffer if

language, rather than the economy, became the major issue in the next election. Said Roy: "Language is the only issue which swaggers the PQ and gives them political life."

The immediate response of nationalist groups to the court's decision underscored the volatility of the language war. In Quebec City, the militant Confederation of National Trade Unions announced a demonstration against changes to the language law outside the legislature. But only 500 protesters, making the number of the bill by chanting "oui ou, oui"

phones was briefly admired. Morton Brownstein, a businessman whose company was among those that challenged Bill 101, and that he pleased to await Bouscain's decision before deciding whether to purchase bilingual signs for his Brown's chain of shoe stores. Said Brownstein: "We will not customize the law or do anything to upset the sensitive balance that exists in the province right now." But Montreal businessman Allen Singer, 75, who lost a separate Supreme Court case arguing for the right to post English-only signs, was less philosophical. In Ottawa to hear the ruling, Singer vowed to keep lighting his right to post English-only signs. Montreal lawyer Peter Blais, a leading crusader for English-language rights, predicted that most Quebec anglophones would not want to antagonize the French majority. Said Blais: "Frequently, if people have rights, they exercise them with respect. It is in fact to speak English in the Quebec national assembly, but anglophone voters choose to speak French."

Prime Minister Brian Mulroney was equally cautious in the wake of last week's decision. One problem he faced was that many Tory MPs from Quebec favored retaining the province's unilateral signs law—even if it meant that Bouscain would have to use his power to exempt the law from the Canadian Charter of Rights and Freedoms. And according to one senior Mulroney adviser, the Tories deliberately tried to steer clear of language controversies in Saskatchewan and Alberta earlier this year because they knew that the Supreme Court's ruling on Bill 101 was imminent. Said the adviser: "We did not bring the big hammer down on Saskatchewan and Alberta and we do not want to have to bring it down on Quebec."

But Mulroney was clearly concerned that Bouscain might indeed exempt the signs provision from the Canadian charter. "If that happens," said the adviser, "Mulroney would have terrible, terrible trouble. That's our bottom line."

As a longtime friend of the Quebec premier, Mulroney also was well aware of Bouscain's own strong feelings on the subject. Describing those sentiments, one Quebec Liberal spokesman said: "Bouscain's deepest anxiety is that a little bilingualism leads to total bilingualism, and bilingualism is a threat to the existence of the French language." Now that the Supreme Court had spoken, Bouscain had little choice but to face the language controversy head on.

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Shukri (left), Arafat is one dramatic stroke, a U.S. diplomatic reversal strengthens the PLO and deals a severe blow to Israel

## WORLD

# AN OLIVE BRANCH

Yasser Arafat adjusted his trademark keffiyeh headscarf, gestured through thick glasses and started rattling. In barely 10 minutes at the UN complex in Geneva last week, the PLO leader laid out his organization's new philosophy of moderation. In his heavily accented English, Arafat affirmed the right of all states in the Middle East, including Israel, to "exist in peace and security," and he declared that he "totally and absolutely renounced all forms of terrorism." Then, under the gaze of several hundred journalists, he dined champion of the PLO's peaceful rhetoric was only an exercise in public relations. Reporting Israel's three times for emphasis, Arafat declared, "Enough is enough." In Washington, his words led to a stunning change in policy. Just three hours after Arafat finished speaking, Secretary of State George Shultz announced that the United States would open direct talks with the PLO—beginning a new chapter in the long search for peace in the Middle East.

The two sides acted swiftly to open negotiations. Last Friday, Robert Pelton, the U.S. ambassador to Tunisia, met with a high-ranking PLO delegation in an ornate Moroccan villa in

## THE AMERICANS OPEN DIRECT TALKS WITH THE PLO AFTER ARAFAT REJECTS TERRORISM AND RECOGNIZES ISRAEL

a Tunis suburb—the first official contact in 13 years between the United States and the Palestinian group. As the talks began, Pelton, seated about 30 feet across a table from the PLO representatives, commented, "We are still too far away." After the 90-minute session, Pelton described the opening discussions as "spontaneous" and characterized by a "surrender of power."

The acceptance of the U.S. policy change was clear. Until last week, the United States had stood firmly beside Israel as it refused to

undertake any dealings with the PLO—despite a growing international consensus that Arafat's organization must be part of any eventual peace settlement. In one dramatic stroke, Washington's reversal raised the garbage of Arafat and the PLO and dealt a severe blow to Jerusalem, leaving Israeli officials indignant and angry. Prime Minister Yitzhak Shimon Peres denounced the move as a "blunder that will not help us, will not help the United States and will not help the peace process." At the same time, Shultz's announcement sent a new course for American policy in the Middle East just five weeks before George Bush is to replace Ronald Reagan as president. By making the decision now, said one Bush aide, "Shultz has done us a favor."

The American action surprised many world leaders, especially because it followed a pronounced public display of U.S. disdain for the PLO. On Nov. 20, Shultz labeled Arafat an accessory to terrorism and dined him the use he needed to deliver a speech at the UN General Assembly in New York City. In response, the assembly voted 154 to 2 to now sit debate on Palestine to Geneva—a cost of \$28,000—in order to "hear Arafat."

But behind the apparently harsh American policy lay a rapidly evolving series of subtle communications between the two sides. They continued last week in Geneva with three days of intense diplomatic maneuvering. Using Swedish and Egyptian intermediaries, American officials pushed Arafat toward making a clear, unambiguous statement of renunciation and an affirmation of Israel's right to exist.

When he finally pronounced the required words on Dec. 14—after failing to meet Washington's criteria during his speech to the UN General Assembly the day before—Shultz immediately authorized the historic talks in Tunis.

American officials coupled that announcement with assurances to Israel. Reagan declared that "we have not renounced our much from the rejection of guaranteeing the safety of Israel." But such statements provided little comfort to Israeli leaders, who were given just 30 minutes' warning of Shultz's announcement. Still, the U.S. decision appeared to open a small division among the country's leaders. While spokesmen for Shimon Peres, leader of the right-wing Likud bloc, asked not Israeli talks with the PLO under any circumstances, Foreign Minister Shimon Peres, who heads the center-left Labor Party,

was slightly less adamant. Peres maintained that the PLO has not truly renounced terrorism. But, when asked by reporters "he declined to say whether a new agreement being negotiated between the Likud and Labor in the wake of Israel's December 13 election should contain a clause banning talks with the PLO forever."

The complicated diplomatic exchanges that led to the American action began in mid-November, when the Palestine National Council, the PLO's equivalent of a parliament, held a stormy three-day session in Algiers. The council decisively pronounced the establishment of a Palestinian state—but also endorsed its traditional commitment to the eventual destruction of Israel. It explicitly recognized Israel by endorsing UN Security Council Resolution 242, and it repudiated terrorism while still claiming the right to carry on "armed struggle" inside Israel and its occupied territories. While that represented a major shift for the PLO, American officials publicly dismissed it as ambiguous.

But Swedish diplomatic officials believed that they saw a significant chance for progress. Sweden's foreign minister, Sten Andersson, a veteran Middle East expert, arranged a secret meeting in Stockholm on Nov. 21 between Khalid al-Husseini, the PLO's third-ranking official, and a group of five American Jews affiliated with the International Center for Peace in the Middle East, a left-leaning research group based in Tel Aviv. Andersson consulted with state department officials, trying to find out exactly what wording the U.S. administration wanted from Arafat in order to open talks with the PLO. On that basis, he drew up a statement

that afternoon and the Jewish representatives left.

Two weeks later, Arafat met to Stockholm and met the same members of the Jewish group as on Dec. 7. They issued a joint statement. It went further toward meeting the American requirements, and Arafat said that in Algeria the Palestinian council had "accepted" two states, a Palestinian state and a Jewish state; in practice, Israel is that state. For the Americans, however, it was not that. They declared that Arafat's position was still ambiguous.

Still, Andersson said, he believed that the Stockholm statement contained all the elements that the Americans wanted from Arafat. And, as another opportunity for clarifying the PLO position would arise at just one day when Arafat addressed



Soldiers arresting an Arab on a continuing spring

## World Notes

### A BARE DISASTER

Thirty-four people were killed and 112 injured when a British passenger train, derailed on the tracks during the London morning rush hour, was struck by a second passenger train. An empty freight train, traveling in the opposite direction as an opposing track, then struck the wreckage. A British Rail inquiry found that a faulty signal was responsible for the crash.

### YOUTHER GETS THE FARMS

President-elect George Bush tapped Clayton Yeutter, 60, the U.S. trade representative who played a leading role in negotiating the Canada-U.S. Free Trade Agreement, to be his new secretary of agriculture. Bush also named former Tennessee senator John Tower, 63, to the important defense secretary post.

### PEACE PACT IN AFRICA

South Africa, Cuba and Angola signed what is called the Brazzaville Protocol in the Congolese capital. The accord links Namibia's transition to independence from South Africa—to begin on April 3—with the planned withdrawal of about 30,000 Cuban troops from Angola.

### EXTRADITION REQUEST

Irish Attorney General John Murray requested a British request to extradite Ray Patrick Ryan, whose British authorities accuse of being an Irish Republican Army guerrilla. In a move that closely educated officials in London, Murray announced that, because of British media reports and statements in the House of Commons, it would be impossible for Ryan to get a fair trial in Britain.

### PALESTINE SUSPECT

Swedish police have arrested a suspected killer with a history of mental problems on suspicion of killing Prime Minister Olof Palme. Police was killed by a lone gunman as he walked home with his wife from a central Stockholm movie theatre on the night of Feb. 28, 1986.

### POLES BATTLE POLICE

Demonstrators there protest government, mayor and transport operators at riot police in Warsaw on the seventh anniversary of Poland's 1982 martial law crackdown.

### STRIKES FREEZE SPAIN

In their best, most stoppage since 1984, about 80 per cent of country's 30 million workers staged a one-day general strike to protest the Socialist government's economic-restraint policies.



ARMENIA

# The face of tragedy

Bulldozers are preparing to level Armenia's wreckage

A elderly woman lay trapped under a massive pile of concrete, only her hand visible. In the rubble, her tiny, limping corpse slumped helplessly. But atop a group of recent workers, unable to leave her because they lacked heavy lifting gear and cutting equipment. It was one of countless tragedies that

destruction revealed: shoddy and corrupt construction practices, not only did builders use a concrete-slab design that was for a heavy earthquake zone, but they mixed too much sand in the cement during construction. In addition, looters rifled stocks of steel supplies and stole property from wrecked shops and



Workers rescuing earthquake victims: severe shortage of equipment

houses. Furious extremists at neighboring Azerbaijan blamed ethnic hatred for sending smoking celebratory telegrams to Christian Armenians. And Armenian activists spread alarm by alleging that, in evacuating Armenian children to other parts of the Soviet Union, the Khrushchev was trying to cut them off from their ethnic roots and suppress nationalist aspirations. And last Friday, Soviet newspapers reported that Armenian armed with sticks and stones and shouting death threats had attacked a convoy of cars and truck bracked containing a convoy of cars and truck bracked containing a

region, declared that "all kinds of scums" were involved in the looting and that those looters were "poisoning us on the line."

Meanwhile the value of aid from 57 foreign countries—including cash, medical supplies, food, tents, clothing and specialized manpower and machinery—reached tens of millions of dollars. The Canadian government alone had pledged or already sent \$5.6 million in assistance, while Canadian Armenians and other concerned citizens had raised more than \$3 million plus supplies. But much of the aid was not the kind most urgently needed. In Ottawa, as in other Western capitals, Soviet diplomats expressed deep gratitude, but stressed that the most vital requirement was medical equipment: blood plasma and drugs. Later in the week, as winter closed in on the stricken, mountainous region, the priority shifted to tents, sleeping bags and blankets to enable the homeless to survive sub-zero temperatures.

At a hospital in Yerevan, the Armenian capital, chief surgeon Robert Doudyakov said that more than 80 per cent of the nearly 500 survivors brought in were suffering from "crash syndrome," in which internal organs, damaged by the tremors, are released into the blood when the victim's body is compressed under heavy weights. Doudyakov called the condition "one of the worst" known to modern medicine. As a result, there was an urgent need for dialysis machines. "We are losing people because we haven't got the equipment," said a Soviet doctor at the hospital.

Their dialysis machines were among six shipments of medical and other supplies sent from Canada to Armenia last week. But hundreds of tons of clothing, collected by Armenian relief committees across the country, were jamming a warehouse at Moscow's Mavel International Air-

port. "The worst thing you can do is send as superfluous supplies," said Robert Peck, a spokesman for the department of external affairs in Ottawa. "Clothing isn't sent as priority."

By week's end, Soviet authorities had arrested at least 150 looters and recovered stolen goods valued at \$300,000. They had also set up a commission to investigate corrupt building practices. The Armenian disaster, which had brought out the best in so many, had provided stark evidence of the worst in others.

JOHN BREKMAN with PATRICK LEGRAT in Moscow and MILARY MACKENZIE in Ukraine

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## BUSINESS

# SHOPPING THE MALL

From all evidence, Edmonton's four Ghermezian brothers have never done small deals. Since they completed the mammoth West Edmonton shopping mall—dubbed the "eighth wonder of the world" by Nader Ghermezian—they have been trying to expand their \$2-billion real estate empire by building ventures of their own just outside Alberta's capital. But their efforts have met with little success. Last year, the brothers decided to shove plans to build a \$500 million in upstate New York—despite \$200 million in advances from the New York government. And, when the gigantic Pavilion Mall of America shopping and entertainment complex came to Bloomington, Minn., an event scheduled for 1992, the Gher-

**THE GHERMEZIAN BROTHERS WANT TO BUILD MORE MALLS ABROAD BUT, SO FAR, DEALS HAVE BEEN ELUSIVE**

mezians will hold just 25 per cent in a project that they once sought to run on their own. Now, reportedly uninterested, the Ghermezians have attempted plans to build new shopping and entertainment complexes in California, Boston, West Germany, Russia and even China.

But questions linger over their ability to accomplish their grandiose plans. In the fall of 1989, Triple Five Corp. Ltd., their real estate development company, tried to raise \$400 million from the public to convert a short-term construction financing on the Edmonton mall into long-term bonds. But investor interest appeared to be weak and, on the advice of underwriter Dillon, Fry Ltd., the company withdrew the bond issue. Since then, Triple Five has sold off an undisclosed amount of real estate assets, and company officials say that the firm has been trying to convert its bankers to convert \$450 million in short-term debt into longer-term deals with lower interest costs. The usually reluctant Nader Ghermezian declined to talk to *Maclean's* last week. But Saul Katz, Triple Five's chairman of executive affairs in Edmonton, and three West German banks have agreed to back one most advanced proposal—an entertainment and shopping centre in Oberhausen, a town of 200,000 located on the banks of the Rhine River in the economically depressed Ruhr Valley. And Calabokidis also indicated that it will back the Ghermezians' plans to build another mall in Berkeley, Calif. Even so, Triple Five still will need major investments from foreign governments, before it will proceed with its proposals outside Canada. Saul Katz: "These governments have indicated that jobs and increased tax dollars are well

worth the sacrifices they would have to pay."

The Ghermezian brothers—Nader, Iskander, Raphael and Rahsan—can be persuasive. Born in Iran, their family built a thriving hardware-run business in Iran before moving to Montreal in the early 1960s. By 1964, the family owned 16 drug store outlets across North America, and Iskander and Raphael had started buying land around Edmonton in anticipation of the oil boom. Most Edmonton residents had never heard of the Ghermezians until George Klein built the world's biggest mall in the Alberta capital authorized in 1974. Led by Nader, the brothers successfully lobbied Edmonton for approval to build the \$700-million, five-million-square-foot mall, which was completed in 1985.

The West Germany proposal to outpace Ghermezian Triple Five plans to spend \$1.5 billion to build a nine-million-square-foot shopping and entertainment complex, roughly the size of 300 football fields. Triple Five officials say the project could help pull the drab town of 220,000 out of its economic nose due caused by the collapse of Germany's coal and steel industries in the late 1970s. The project would include a river, water park, casino, underground casino, amphitheatre, a convention centre and a hotel with rooms modelled after different European countries and cities that the company wants the state of North Rhine-Westphalia to pay for the construction of a rail line from Oberhausen to the centre of the project. The company has also asked Oberhausen's city government to cover half of the construction costs.

Triple Five officials say that the unique nature and central location of the project will bring in 12 million visitors a year—on two

times the number of people living within easy driving distance of Oberhausen. But Oberhausen officials suggested that they are unsure of whether to take the Ghermezians seriously. "It sounds like a miracle," Oberhausen Mayor Friedhelm von der Muehl told *Maclean's*, "and would like to believe it." Still, state officials have authorized a working group to assess both the plan and the financing.

The Ghermezians are also making moves on the Soviet market. They hope to cash in on Mikhail Gorbachev's opening to the West by building a tourist centre in Moscow. Triple Five has drawn up plans for a \$1.8-billion project, including a 2,800-room hotel and dozens of independent department stores from Europe and North America. But that project is stalling behind another proposal backed by Cleveland industrialist and financier Cyrus Eaton Jr. Eaton, 78, says that he has signed an agreement to build a \$6-billion hotel, shopping and amusement centre outside Leningrad.

But the Ghermezians are not pacing all their hopes on Germany and glasnost. A joint venture involving Triple Five and a British construction company is vying to develop 96 acres near Birmingham, England, for an \$545-million shopping mall complex. And the company is among the four finalists proposing to develop a 41-acre site next to a freeway in downtown Berkeley, a project also worth \$440 million, which Ghermezian says that it will finance. Such sites will make their choices next month.

Triple Five has put together similar plans for a joint venture with the city of Beijing to build a large complex combining retail and office space, as well as hotels and residential apartments. That project would not be ready until 1995, while the malling and office offices and apartments for restaurants in Beijing is expected to increase steadily by 1990, when a number of construction projects already under way are scheduled for completion.

Meanwhile, majors continue to pour money into the Ghermezians' mall in Edmonton. According to Katz, the giant mall had more than one million customers during 1987, compared with one million in 1986. There were 10 million visits in 1987 to California's Disneyland, making it Alberta's top tourist attraction. Now, the Ghermezians must convince bankers and government officials that their unique blend of shops and amusement park attractions can sell as well as Howard

**JOHN DE MONT** and **JOHN DUFFY** on Toronto  
 ■ *REPORT* (DUFFY) in Edmonton,  
 ■ *PETER* (DE MONT) on Beijing and  
 ■ *PETER* (DE MONT) on Beijing

## Business Notes

### ALL IN THE FAMILY

St. John, N.B.-based Irving Oil Ltd. announced that it has bought out the 45-per-cent stake that Chevron Corp. of San Francisco owns in Irving Oil owned by the powerful Irving family of New Brunswick. Neither side would disclose the price for Chevron's share of the company.

### PIL DEAL GOES THROUGH

Toronto real estate developer Stephen Merrick agreed to buy the assets of the troubled PTL, minority for \$75 million. PTL's main asset is Heritage U.S.A., a Christian theme park on 2,300 acres of property near Columbia, S.C. (See page 18.) Merrick's brother Jim Bolder, who has been in PTL after a six-month, but unsuccessfully for PTL's assets earlier this year.

### CLOSING IN ON OSER

The Ontario Securities Commission had \$83 charges under the Securities Act against failed hedge fund firm Oser & Oser. Creditors had an estimated \$157 million when the firm was found to be insolvent last year. The Toronto Stock Exchange and Toronto's Ontario Securities Commission are also proceeding against former chairman Howard (Les) Gaskin.

### CAMPBELL'S LOSSES BUILD

Allied Stores Corp. and Federalized Department Stores Inc., secured over the past two years by Canadian Robert Campbell, paid up on losses for the quarter ended Oct. 29. Federalized lost \$42.2 million and Allied lost \$52 million because of poor sales and high interest payments.

### PULP MILL MISGAPED JET

The world's largest chemical pulp mill will be built in the Atsugi-shi region, about 190 km north of Vancouver, Japanese-controlled Canabank Forest Industries Ltd. of Cranbrook, B.C., will build the \$1.3-billion unit.

### EXPORTS IN DECLINE

Canada's October merchandise trade surplus declined by \$190 million to \$457 million compared with the previous month. A high Canadian dollar helped to make Canadian exports less attractive. Imports, however, hit the lowest consecutive decline in the monthly figure.

### AUTO INSURANCE PURTY

A recent report prepared for the Ontario Automobile Insurance Board on new levels for insurance premiums was adjusted slightly to reflect current information. The recommended increase of 35 to 40 per cent was reduced to levels starting at \$3.8 per cent.





# A study in contrasts between two at the top

BY PETER C. NEWMAN

Because prime ministers are inevitably judged against their predecessors, 1984's main political legacy has to be a fundamental reassessment of Brian Mulroney and Pierre Trudeau. Presiding wisdom has pictured Trudeau as a political wizard, a remarkable near-to-a-lifetime prime minister whose dazzling wit and daring charisma charmed the Canadian electorate. In contrast, because of Mulroney's push-button smile and the heretofore renowned his voice, his style has been mistaken for substance. Those who follow his career have interpreted his blips of ideology as misguided opportunism. He is still seen as merely the graduate labor lawyer ascending to replace the slick old, no matter what the future told.

These stereotypes have developed partly as a result of the differing folk memories of the two political parties. Because the Liberals have enjoyed more successful office years of this century, they have been considered its rightful occupants, to be displaced only temporarily by Tories who occasionally slip into power, like thieves in the night. The Conservatives, by contrast, have traditionally been dismissed as the demagogues of Canadian politics: they never solve anybody's problems but they always travel first class.

Now 31 charged all of that. Far better, or far worse, Brian Mulroney's victory has opened a new reality on Canada. The Free Trade Agreement will redefine this country, removing it from the last-of-its-kind anti-west dogmatism to an unambiguous north-south direction. It will force Canadian business to raise its productivity drastically and to revolutionize its marketing ethics. Apart from that major commercial venture—which will have consequences far more drastic than anything Trudeau dared to try during his 16 years in office—Mulroney has executed dozens of other major pieces of legislation and transformed the size and hues of Conservative support.

One reason for his success is the recognition among his followers that Mulroney really is a

*Mulroney's strong stands on South Africa and against Star Wars made him a world figure with more respect than Trudeau ever had*

Progressive and a Conservative—at least to both parts of that contradictory party bill. Like many in political maturity in Quebec at a time when being a Tory in French Canada was about as significant as God could less lies than being a Kluks. Although he was admired at least one chance to switch parties and join the Liberal cabinet in Ottawa, he stayed loyal and led the PCs to two unprecedented sweeps of Quebec, taking his party from first seat in 1986 to first in 1988, and adding every seat four years later.

In the 1984 campaign, instead of accepting one of the many waver seats offered him, Mulroney took on the Marston campaign, at that time held by a Liberal with a 16,000-vote majority. Mulroney's Quebec support was essentially solid but, for the moment, he had drastically altered the calculus of Canadian politics. To be a Liberal cabinet minister from Quebec once amounted to the Canadian equivalent of a lifetime pass to the White House.

When he was first elected, Mulroney had a tough time learning on the job. But, under his guidance, the government enacted an impressive 232 pieces of legislation in its first four years. His economy grew faster than that of any other industrialized country for all but one year of his stewardship, and unemployment

plunged. His strong stands on South Africa and against Star Wars, and his leadership at the various summits he chaired and attended, made him an international figure with more support and respect than Trudeau ever had. Robert Stanfield got it right when, at an electoral rally at Bermuda, N.S., just 36 hours before voting day, he said "Boris and old Sir, Brian Mulroney has earned a grand place in Canadian history. He has made the Progressive Conservatives a great national movement and put the PCs in a position where we can now perform the services to the nation that the Liberal party, on the day of its greatest leader King and St. Laurent, was able to perform."

Under Trudeau, the Liberals turned away from their roots, partly because Trudeau had not grown up under its ideological disciplines. An ancient staffer, Trudeau had condemned the Liberals as "the garbage pit of Canadian politics," but he watched anyway—then chose to run in Mount Royal, the solid Liberal seat in Quebec. Unlike Mulroney, who had to fight two leadership conventions and an election in because of it, Trudeau selected Lester Pearson's mantle. The election that followed was a charismatic triumph for Trudeauism. But even though he was running against Stanfield (whose idea of animated behavior was to raise an eyebrow), Trudeau won only 185 ridings—54 seats fewer than Mulroney at his first try. Four years later, Trudeau came within two seats of losing to Stanfield, while Mulroney's second run resulted in 85 more seats than Trudeau was able to get in his.

Although Mulroney has turned out to be the more successful politician, Trudeau had his charms, not the least of them the delicious wickedness many Canadians feel because they had feared to elect such a liberal warrior into its prime minister. No other country could have a leader who did down a bastard at summit meetings, pulled "Mugger to murder" at striking rail truck drivers, who could also die, high dive, ride a unicorn, swim a horse, beat a pole and be called "the world's most-accident-prone" by London's *Daily Sketch*.

But although Trudeau personified the Jesus principle that he wanted other people to lead their own way to his beliefs, he probably became less interested in social change than in continuity, and much more committed to conventional societies than to fundamentalist ones. His most impressive achievements—winning the Quebec referendum for the federal option and protection of the Constitution—were not realized until his 12th and 14th years in office. During the first four years—the equivalent of Mulroney's current second step—Trudeau did little except pass some important bilingual legislation, reduce our forces in Korea and enact the controversial War Measures Act in Quebec. In the end, he got it because he could no longer think of a good reason to stay.

It's difficult to compare two such different politicians, and Brian Mulroney's historical record is far from complete. But, so far, he has earned much higher political marks than his predecessor, and this year-end seems like an appropriate moment to give him due credit.

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## THE SECRET LIFE OF A WRITER

Navelist John Cheever often wrote as many as 30 personal letters a week, and what he deemed of little lasting value, describing them as "yesterday's news." But following his death in 1993 at 70, his son, Benjamin, now 40, gathered the correspondence for *The Letters of John Cheever*. The selection reveals his affairs with actress Hope Lange and women young men and is intended to explain the "sarcasm" of Cheever, says his son. The novelist once noted, "While all my friends are describing orgasms, I'll dwell on the beauty of the evening star."

## Pretty in pink

After *Beavis and Butt-Head*, who for 17 years has been playing a crazy outcast on the TV series, the *Beavis* writers, says that he enjoys wearing a pink wig and an outlandish dress in his latest role. The 60-year-old actor plays the Widow Twankey, a madame-woman, in the Christmas pastiche *Aladdin and His Magic Lamp* which will hit Vancouver to open in Toronto this week in part of its four-city, four-week Canada tour. The musical, which contains ballads like *Kanan Katin* in a game and *Jeff Hyslop* in *Noble*, marks the first time that Gershwil has been in a major stage production since 1965, when he played *Mark Anthony* in *Shakespeare's Julius Caesar*.



Gershwil: 'not dressed in drag'

*John Gershwil* Ontario's Montreal Theatre Festival, 80th, he says, "The stage gets you into your bones and you never forget what it's like." As for playing a woman, he adds, "I'm not dressed in drag, I'm dressed in a true clown—that makes a big difference."

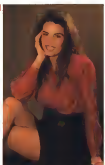
## EIGHTY YEARS YOUNG

As he celebrates his 80th birthday on Dec. 23, Yusef Karsh says that he fully intends to continue roving the world with his camera. Dismissing the idea of retirement as "unprofessional," the internationally acclaimed photographer adds that more than 60 years of taking portraits of celebrities has only whetted his appetite for more. "I am going to be the youngest 80-year-old in the world because I am still so curious about people," declared Karsh, whose latest exhibit, *Karsh At Birthday Celebration*, is an two-year tour of Europe. Born in Armenian Turkey, Karsh has lived in Canada since 1965 and now spends about half the year flying around the world, adding new portraits to his massive portfolio. Of his famous subjects, whom he often photographs for free, Karsh says: "I don't have any favorites—how can I when I've done so many people, including Helen Keller, Winston Churchill, Pablo Picasso, Albert Einstein. To me, they are all part of one big, beautiful family."

Karsh: retirement is preposterous



Gershwil: 80th



MacLaren: working 'twice as hard'

## INTIMATE EXPOSURE

For aspiring actress Fiona MacLaren, posing in the January issue of *Playboy* magazine could give her the exposure she needs for her chosen career. The model from Santa Monica, Calif.—who lived with her Canadian mother from 1975 to 1979 in Burlington, Ont.—won over 4,300 candidates to be the magazine's covergirl on its 25th anniversary. But MacLaren, 23, says that now she will have to work "twice as hard" to prove there is more to her than good looks. Still, she adds, "I wouldn't get more publicity if I jumped off the Empire State Building and lived to tell about it."

## The ending of a glamorous era

The demise of star performers, which for 23 years made Toronto's Imperial Room one of the most glamorous night spots in North America, is coming to an end. After New Year's Eve, the Room in the Royal York Hotel will revert to its 1929 incarnation as a dinner-dance club. Manager Louis Janacini, 60, who worked with such stars as Tina Turner, says the changeover marks a return to "elegance." Serve the last drink for nostalgia.

## TRAVEL

## Clearing the air

A busy airport gets a temporary reprieve

For months, the pressures caused by a shortage of air-traffic controllers and the need for another runway had been building at Toronto's Lester B. Pearson International Airport. At one point earlier this month, 40 arrival gates on the runways—more for more than three hours—waiting to be cleared for takeoff. One week later, arrival officials cancelled 61 flights, leaving passengers scrambling to get aboard other flights. With service at the airport rapidly deteriorating—and the crash of holiday travel looming—Ontario announced a set of emergency measures on Dec. 9 that imposed a limit of 70 flights an hour in or out of Pearson until mid-January—45 flights an hour lower than the airlines were requesting at peak periods.

The new measures reduced delays to about 20 minutes. Still, airline and travel officials said that more than temporary measures were needed to deal with the problem. Sam Gordon Siecher, Ottawa-based president of the Air Transport Association of Canada, which represents all commercial airlines in Canada, "The problem is not going to go away in a month's time."

Because Pearson is Canada's largest and busiest airport, its troubles quickly caused problems elsewhere. When air traffic at Pearson began backing up earlier this month flights originating from within 300 miles—mainly from airports at Ottawa and Montreal—had to be postponed or cancelled. As a result, travellers missed connecting flights right across Canada. At the same time, Vancouver International Airport had its own problem. Because of shortages of air-traffic controllers and runway space, delays were a problem there as well.

For his part, federal Transport Minister Rexford B. Borden scheduled a round of meetings early next year to discuss long-term solutions to the problems at Toronto's airport. One of Pearson's difficulties is that its three runways can no longer handle the volume of air

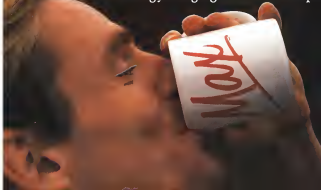
traffic through Toronto—and a third terminal, currently under construction and scheduled for use in 1996, may not solve the problem.

A nationwide shortage of air controllers may be even more difficult to solve. According to Jack Bell, president of the Canadian Air Traffic Control Association, there are now 1,525 controllers working in Canada—200 fewer than are needed. He added that Toronto needs about 50 more controllers, while there are also shortages in Gander, Nfld., Moncton, N.B., Winnipeg, Edmonton and Vancouver.

The critical shortage of air controllers stems from decisions made in 1983, when a Transport Canada projection forecast that air traffic in Canada would grow by three to four per cent annually through the remainder of the 1980s. Calculating that Canada had enough air controllers to handle that increase, Transport Canada froze the hiring of new controllers. As it turned out, air traffic during the next five years increased by more than 50 per cent. Because it takes two years to train a controller, the shortfall could not quickly be replaced. Rex Borden, chief of media relations for Transport Canada, said that the air-traffic control division at the Transport Canada Training Institute in Cornwall, Ont., which reopened last August, has begun an accelerated recruitment and training program so that by 1993 as many as 133 controllers will graduate each year.

Searching for a quick remedy, Transport Canada has hired 45 controllers since October from the United States, including some air controllers who were fired by President Ronald

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## TRAVEL

Bogen's administrative staff on 12-week strike gripped U.S. air travel in 1981. The American controllers, who are being hired on four-year contracts, are all scheduled to be working by April after special retraining sessions to familiarize them with Canadian conditions.

Bill Boffi said that such measures will not solve the underlying problems. Said Boffi: "On Jan. 1, 1984, there were 281 controllers who were age 50 and older. We will be worse off by 1990 than we are today because of attrition alone, not including an increase in air traffic." Boffi also denies that air controllers helped to create the lengthy delays at Pearson to back-up contract negotiations with the federal government's Treasury Board that began on Dec. 5. Said Boffi: "We have been in record since 1984 that such problems would result from the hiring freeze. This is not a new issue for us."

Besides the attrition and inexperience caused by late or cancelled flights, there are several economic reasons for ensuring that Canada's airports are fully operational. Wilfrid

Dixon, president of the Metro Toronto Convention and Visitors Association, said that when members of the executive board of the Birmingham, Ala.-based Professional Convention Management Association visited Toronto



On hold at Pearson: a 50-per-cent increase in air traffic

in August, they were impressed by the city. Bill Dixon said that because of the rules of delays at Pearson, the association—whose members book 8500 airlines in meetings each year—decided to hold its 1983 convention in Dallas. In Vancouver, where the single runway

is already operating at maximum capacity, the loss of potential business is even more serious. A 1986 Transport Canada study showed that up to 50 per cent of Canadian passengers travelling to and from Pacific Rim destinations, said companies responsible for 65 per cent of Canadian-bound air cargo, decided to use U.S. airports rather than Vancouver.

Meanwhile, even more problems loomed for Canada's troubled airports. The 13,600 members of the Union of Canadian Transport Employees, which represents airport ground personnel and support staff, last month voted 73-per-cent in favor of a strike to back up contract negotiations—for a standard contract rate of pay—which have been stalled for the last 14 months. Toronto union members said that they would stage a series of rotating picket lines during the Christmas travel season, while union officials said that a full-scale strike could come in January. Clearly, there are still rough roads ahead for Canada's travellers.

**BARBARA WICKENS** with correspondents' reports

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# The importance of personal opinion

BY GEORGE BAIN

Quirky it may be, but it is hard to quarrel with the definition of news offered by *Toronto Life*, a continue news edition of *The Toronto Star*, that "News is what I say it is." The person who says what is going into that day's newspaper, and where—on page 1 or, as the saying used to be, back with the true side—a choice is made. If a story is on the front, it is big news; at the back, small news, and, tucked into the waste-basket, no news. The same is true of people who make the lineup for news on radio and television. Where television has made a difference is in homogenizing the news. The media have always picked up from one another, either by scalping, the newspaper turn for the considered practice of taking whatever seemed useful in the opposition's story and brazenly rewriting it, or, more scrupulously, by using the other paper's story as a basis for improving it to a better fit.

When newspapers had the field pretty much to themselves, the practice was almost entirely confined within the community. Television has extended it. What would have been purely a local story becomes a national story if carried on television because the main TV news programs are by definition national. National radio created before television but, with rare exceptions, including the Moose River mine disaster in Nova Scotia in 1986, never managed to make people, including listeners, hang out in the same way. Such national and international news services as *The Canadian Press* and *Breitbart's* *Business news* agency existed even before television was thought of. But the episode as television could click out with opportunity as Ottawa story that came in over the wire became nothing related to create an expectation in readers of finding it reflected in the paper next morning. Television does that.

The elusive nature of news is made more so by the fact that not only is what constitutes news a matter of subjective judgment, but where. Although the news circumstances were present and observable a month ago, what was



*Why it is that although the same circumstances were present and observable a month ago, what was no news then is big news now*

no news then is big news now. The explanation can be as simple as this: so me at any news conference thought to say "We really ought to be doing a story about..." or that reader and writer attention was diverted on something bigger—a national election, say—and that there was an interest in going looking for something else to put on the sleep window.

An illustration of some of all these tendencies is to be found in the sudden early-December spate of stories of turmoil at Toronto's Pearson International Airport, which could have left equally perplexed newspaper readers there and hereabouts at the vast hushabout—the first, because they would have found nothing changed from what they had known for some time, the second, because they would have found it strange that a crisis in air traffic could have blown up so seemingly overnight. As someone with a foot in both those camps, I was drawn eventually by a story in the *Toronto Globe and Mail* (page 1, Dec. 30) "It was to limit air traffic to ease chaos at Pearson?" to make enquiries. The paragraph said: "Under the 10-aircraft cap [in hourly maximums of takeoffs and landings just then decreed by Ottawa], Pearson could handle up to 1,340 flights a day. The most it has had in cope with in

the past year is 1,200." Given that the severely stressed is only pure flights then were causing the chaos, questions were in order. Seventy flights an hour, over 17 hours—the airport's working day—comes to 1,380. The first figure in the *Globe*, 1,240, on the face of it could not be right. Because records of the past year show that June 8, Sept. 8 and Oct. 6 were the three busiest days of the year at Pearson International, with, respectively, 1,581, 1,183 and 1,173 flights in and out, the second makes a reasonable rounded-off number. However, neither of these sets of figures supports an argument that there was a crisis in early December—except that, with many people holding tickets for flights home for Christmas, there could be expected to be a heightened public sensitivity to crisis.

Neither did figures for flights on three selected days in 1986—Jan. 8, June 30 and Dec. 9, all Fridays, six months apart—support a thesis that chaos at Pearson was of recent origin (a major element in most dictionary definitions of news). The Jan. 8 figure produced was 888, which, I was told, almost certainly was low, there were computer troubles that day. On June 30, there were 1,305, and on Dec. 9, considerably, 1,325. What those figures again and what that Toronto's airport had problems arising from an increase in the total volume of traffic, they were as implausibly seasonal as any analysis and probably earlier, in December.

Although the number of flights in and out has kept from 237,006 a year to 330,000 since deregulation in 1984, Pearson's problems aren't so much that the total traffic is too much but that—just as, with most downtown expressways—so is too much at rush hours. The airlines, catering to business travellers, schedule flights to get travellers into the city in the morning for a day's business and out again at night. Those are the times when Ottawa's 70-flights-an-hour cap will start to affect, mainly to spare flight rights then commercial passenger flights into the quieter times between. The larger question of the airport's future will be discussed at a conference held in January at which Transport Minister Bonafant will sound out the airlines and others on a range of options that range from adding runways to building a new airport. But none of that explains what elevated the airport's troubles overnight from something slightly nagging, like loose-back pain, into a national issue.

Part of the answer is that *The Toronto Star* considerably started a 10-page series that it called *Airport Agency*. By the time the first of its most recent writers, just as 81 flights were cancelled at Pearson one day, and 51 the next. Whether the cancellations arose from an unacknowledged multi-to-one air-traffic control-line disassembled with understanding is a matter of opinion, but what is sure is that they drew attention to the Star's Newsletter service. The Star's series drew attention to what had been building at Pearson for four years, and both together drew the attention of other media, which made the story national. And that, besides, is how a crisis is born. A crisis is present when we say it is.

## LAW

# A battle over blasphemy

*West Germans are charged under a 127-year-old law*

As a measure aimed primarily at protecting Jews, German legislators in 1860 enacted a law forbidding denigration of literature, including its religious. Largely ignored since the Second World War, the law has now triggered a controversy in West Germany after officials had charges against critics of the Roman Catholic Church. In 1986, an atheist was convicted and fined under the law for claiming that the Catholic church ruled "among the world's biggest criminal organizations," while charges against two students who supported the statements were dropped. But charges are still pending against lawyer Gerd Rosenzweig, who acted on behalf of the students. He allegedly referred to church as "fascism" in a newspaper page.

The tangled case began in 1984 when Brigitte Rosenzweig, a militant atheist in Göttingen, northern Germany, was charged under the 1861 law for writing and distributing anti-Catholic tracts. She was convicted in 1986 and fined the equivalent of 30 days of her earnings as an antique dealer. Two students at the University of Aachen, Hans Maginich and Michael Kitzschner, were subsequently charged for publicly defaming Rosenzweig. When the students' case finally went to trial last month, the prosecution dropped the charges—which carry a maximum penalty of three years in prison—because of what the judge said was "insufficient proof." Rosenzweig, who was charged after he publicly quoted Rosenzweig from a public lecture in Wülfing last year, still faces charges.

The enforcement of the 127-year-old law has stirred strong emotions in West Germany religious, legal and human-rights circles. Support groups for those charged have sprung up in the European Parliament, and prominent Socialists have pressed the European Commission on Human Rights to call for the repeal of Article 186. But a West German justice ministry spokesman, Henning Golt, declared that "Article 186 is a shield law to protect every church, sect or religious group, and we see no reason to repeal it." Legal experts said that Rosenzweig was unlikely to go to prison or even under the law. Still, his supporters contend that as long as the disputed law hovers over religious debate in West Germany, free speech and human rights will remain threatened.

FETER LEWIS in Berlin



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# Tidings of fun

New children's books delight the eye—and ear

**T**he fairy tale *Goldilocks* and the Three Bears' illustrations, so essential to all about children, they became opacified at a tender age. Just as the bears' tiny unwanted guest was quick to find one bowl of porridge too hot and another too cold, many children will dismiss some of the

Florida in the 1960s. May's first vacation is seen from her point of view—the back seat of the family car. Everything is exciting to her, especially the scenery. She collects miniature bits of soap, postcards, sugar packets, paper place mats and nap-pink paper umbrellas from the tacky stores and roadside cafés along

seawater and winds up inside it, his owners decide that the old fellow deserves to keep the rewards of his own seal. In the end, the colorfully clad Amor stands apart from the rest of the flock, warmer and much happier.

Award-winning author/illustrator Stéphane Poulin has produced the other outstanding recent picture book of the season, *Could This Ship Josephine?* (Tundra, \$12.95) is the third book, according to the author, final story about the stable cat Josephine and her young owner, Daniel. This time, Daniel leaves his native Montreal to celebrate his cousin's birthday in the country—and Josephine slips unsteadily onto the truck of the car. As in the earlier Josephine books, the cat runs away. After chasing her through cow pastures, papers-and-whether-it, the boys catch up to an overcast Josephine contentedly finishing off the remains of the birthday picnic. The book's greatest strength is its artwork, which goes loving and often humorous attention to such details as the cracks in the mud roads and Daniel's tattered, straw-colored hat.

Anyone who reads to a child is sure to appreciate books that will charm adults as well as little ones. *Night Care* (Greenwood, \$12.95) makes a great gift for any sleepless parent with a wistful toddler. "Once there was a baby who wouldn't go to sleep," begins the story of a nine-year-old child who is intrigued by the cheery night sounds of the city. Author Teddy Jaci's lulling cadences make better sense than some. "Sleep some falling drowsy drops babies sleep." The richly detailed illustration by Eric Beddows provides an overhead view of the street, filled with streetlights, shadows, cars dented with snow, and a sleeping, screaming fire engine. Cautious morning father and son venture into the Domain Café for hot chocolate for baby—and collect his last.

*Night Care* beautifully evokes the warmth between a parent and child suspended in a magical nighttime world.

Another book that is perfect for bedtime and other quiet moments is *Simon and the Snowflakes* (Tundra, \$9.95). Whimsically written and illustrated by Gidon Tiro, it tells the story of a boy who tries to make snowflakes in his form when difficult tasks in counting the snowflakes in a storm. Tiro's stylized, dusty watercolor perfectly complement the gentle daintiness of the story. On one page, a snowman offers sage advice: so mother, a friend stands a better while Simon previously asked stars from the sky.

While ensembles are suited to stories of lyrical beauty, dejection is the playtime. The heavy Moore of *Platonic*, Barbara Bell has won numerous awards for her illustrations using



Simon and a friend reach for the stars in Tiro's whimsical *Simon and the Snowflakes*

presents given to them during the holiday season. But books remain a relatively safe option. Once again, Canadian children's authors and illustrators have produced an amazing and sensitive array of volumes. Young children may favor visually engaging stories about a Florida vacation and a mischievous sheep, while older children may want to travel back in time or into the heart of a tropical jungle. And like *Goldilocks* and the porridge, those who sleep for a child's book this year will, in the end, find something that is just right.

One of the season's best picture books has nothing to do with turkey or three trineering but it is bound to put youngsters and their parents in a holiday mood. Dorel Kani Kani's *My Family Narrative* (Tundra, \$14.95) is a story, original book about a typical family trip to

the way Kani's colorful artwork—solid blocks of saturated color—will enthrall young readers, while nostalgic details, like teddy shoes and '60s-style cars, will prompt parents to take a fond look back at their own childhood vacations.

A second stories have long been a staple of children's literature, and this season is no different. *Amor's Summer* (Greenwood, \$12.95)—the first book for young children by personal prison inmate Janet Lucas—opens an endearing year about an empty sheep. Poor old, cold Amor gets angry when Aunt Barbra shows his wool to make Uncle Henry a warm sweater. Kani LaFave's soft, scribbly illustrations depict a balmy sheep sheep, that cold and covered only with stubble and bedbugs. Amor attacks the unattended



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that medium. Now, she shares the secrets of her art in one of the best activity books of the year, *Playing With Plastiline* (Roth Can Press, \$9.95). Obsessed with her own emotions, the homo-grade begins with basic studies and playful shapes and progresses to more complex head, bag and human forms. The book's wonderfully diverse inventory ranges from two-headed monsters to lantern and eggs.

Building scientists and winning athletes will both find food for thought in *Max Sport Words*, compiled by the Ontario Science Centre and edited by Carol Gold (Roth Can Press, \$9.95). Covering such topics as why people get stitches in their sides when they laugh too much, and why golf balls have dimples, the book is a fascinating mixture of information and simple experiments. Clever cartoon-like illustrations add to the fun of this enjoyable learning experience for the preteen set.

For eight to 12-year-olds with a growing curiosity in the natural world, *Rebecca* (Roth Can Press, \$9.95) provides a splendid introduction to ornithology. Writing under the auspices

of the Federation of Ontario Naturalists, Pamela M. Hickman uses a question-and-answer format to explain why birds live in different habitats and other intriguing facts. The book



Sharing a magical nighttime world in *Night Cars*

or tested book gives advice on everything from collecting feathers to helping injured birds.

Children who would rather travel beyond the backyard may be interested in *Journey Through a Tropical Jungle* (Greer & Proulx,

\$12.95). With stial photographs and a straightforward text, biologist Adam Forryth presents a wondrous real-life safari journey teed to enlighten curious minds. In his trek through the Costa Rican rain forest, he encounters luminous mushrooms, insect-eaten apples and belly-flopping lamell. Photographs range from close-up views of a mother scorpion's back, scrambling with offspring, to green and mossy mountain vistas. Forryth also discusses economic and ecological pressures on the tropics and steps for the preservation of the bewitching world of the rain forest.

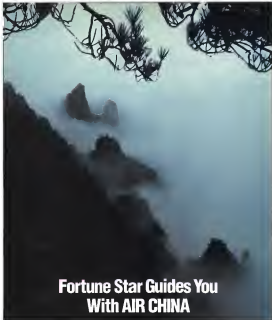
Preserving the Canadian heritage is a more abstract matter, but *The Canadian Children's Treasury* (Key Porter, \$29.95) does a fine job of conveying the diversity of the nation's literature. The rich collection of stories, songs and poems by 35 two-level authors spans the country's geography and history as it entertains. It mixes excerpts from such classics as L. M. Montgomery's *Anne of Green Gables* with Indian legends, science fiction, and Dennis Lee's rollicking nonsense verse. Unfortunately, most of the illustrations—by various artists—have a greeting-card quality that detracts from the strength of the writing.

Canadian history provides a dramatic backdrop for Martin Gidley's *Mystery in the Pecos Lands* (Lorimer, \$6.95), a gripping Aztec adventure for adolescents. Peter Griffin as a ship's boy on the Pica, a member of the 49th regiment party to set out from England to solve a great historical puzzle: the fate of Sir John Franklin's 1845 expedition. The novel takes the form of a journal written by 14-year-old Peter in 1958-1959. The boy's diary chronicles the hardship of life on the tiny ship, fronts in a foreign sea—the long darkness, the relentless cold—and re-creates in fictional form on-ship encounters between the British and the Inuit. In one vivid scene, the seafarers give needles and scissors to Inuit hunters in exchange for information about Franklin.

A more recent period provides the setting for *Easy Avenue* (Groundwood, \$12.95). Ottawa's Brian Doyle delivers a delightful mix of comedy, irony and sentiment in a tale about a poor boy who gains a mysterious benefactor. Set in Ottawa in the late 1840s, the book features 13-year-old Hubert O'Donoghue, who lives with his spirited guardian aunt at the Uplands Emergency Shelter, a cramped barracks set up to house families during the postwar housing crisis. Hubert's moral dilemma—whether to forsake his impoverished friends in order to join an exclusive club at school and whether he can overcome his mother's undisciplined but cleaning-lady aunt to his wealthy after-school employer—are sketched with keen insight and dry humor. While Doyle's well-paced plot and eccentric characters pay homage to Charles Dickens's *Great Expectations*, he creates an engaging story of his own. Like many of the other new books for children and young people, *Easy Avenue* offers ample cause for rejoicing as a gift-giving season.

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Scene from *Mississippi Burning*: Nickerson (below): a brilliant performance

### FILMS

## Summer of fire

A movie recalls the South's worst times

MISSISSIPPI BURNING  
Directed by Alan Parker

**G**ospel music swells on the sound track as a church is engulfed in flames, a black man is burned while his house burns, the agents in dark suits take word-drip into a swamp looking for victims of a tragic murder. There can be no denying the power of these visceral scenes from *Mississippi Burning*, or the aesthetic horror that they depict. A fictional drama about the civil rights battles that rocked Mississippi in the summer of 1964, it is a home-front equivalent of *SANNAH'S* Vietnam.

Mr. drama Platoon it attempts to continue a drip word in the American psyche. Like Platoon, *Mississippi Burning* is a message movie bound for glory. Last week, it won top honors from the National Board of Review, a U.S. film organization whose prizes tend to overshadow the Academy Awards. (Don Rickles' brilliant performance is indeed worthy of an Oscar. But even the bestings, beatings, hangings and beatings, the movie's average gas just in smoke. *Mississippi Burning* is a middle spectacle: a

high-minded action movie about cops and mobs.

It begins with a fictionalized version of an event that took place in Philadelphia, Miss., in 1964—the killing of civil rights workers Michael Schwerner, Andrew Goodman and James Chaney. The story centers as an investigation by a committed pair of FBI agents, Rapert (Nickerson) and Allen (William Burt Foster). A former Mississippi sheriff, Rapert can talk to white southerners in their own language, and he has no patience for federal police procedures. Allen is an Ivy League idealist who takes notes with an lightning, then unravels by the book.

As in many cop movies, the two partners have to overcome their rivalry to fight a common enemy. To Rapert's disgust, Allen reports a small army of FBI investigators and sets up a headquarters in the local movie theatre. That only prompts the Ku Klux Klan to escalate its crusade of terror—with contempt support from the mayor, the sheriff and his deputy. Meanwhile, Rapert takes his menegade approach, sweet-talking the deputy's wife into accompanying him to his bedside, and leading

the local high with inner jokes.

*Mississippi Burning* continues to attract two strong emotions. One is sympathy for the suffering blacks. Portrayed as passive victims who live in paragonous apathy, they have virtually no dialogue and spend their time staring agonizedly in churches that are about to be torched. They are as silent and inhuman as *Platoon's* Vietnamese peasants. The other emotion is hatred. For the first half of the movie, hatred belies the white events, including lynchings on the street who are interviewed in a pseudo-documentary style. But when the film starts to play rough, it is the audience's turn to revel in bloodletting: the movie becomes a celebration of vengeance.

British director Alan Parker has gone out of his way to create an authentic look. Shooting on location in Mississippi, he showed blacks in the shacks where they live and he recruited some exceptionally safe whites to portray local bigots. But rather than understanding the roots of racism, Parker depicts it as an evil aberration that can only be purged by violent means. As Duke's last graphic dirkly concludes, "Maybe we are all guilty."

Even with such ability apparent, *Mississippi Burning* is little more than a average melodrama, in which the violence is the reason of Black America. Its pointless brutality recalls *Midnight Express*. Parker's 1978 drama of an American trapped in a Turkish prison. The only coherent philosophy to emerge from that movie was "Turks are pigs." *Mississippi Burning* has much higher aspirations. It also is convincingly acted and beautifully photographed. But, despite its claim of sensory images, it remains sadly unenlightening.

DAVID D. JOHNSON

### MACLEAN'S BEST-SELLING LIST

#### FICTION

- 1 *Get's Best, Alfred (3)*
- 2 *The Eyes of Orpheus, Dumas (3)*
- 3 *The Edge, Proust (3)*
- 4 *Wonders of Time, Maclean (3)*
- 5 *The Irons Against, Lulliam (2)*
- 6 *Journey, Maclean (2)*
- 7 *The Conflict of the Worlds, Clegg (2)*
- 8 *Epiphany, Epiphany*
- 9 *The Queen of the Desert, Maclean (2)*
- 10 *A Wolf in the Sheep's Skin, Clegg (1)*

#### NONFICTION

- 1 *The Arctic Wolf, Jarvis (1)*
- 2 *No Time to Move Goodbye, Wills (2)*
- 3 *Controversies, Proust (2)*
- 4 *A Brief History of Time, Hawking (2)*
- 5 *The Private Years, Clegg (1)*
- 6 *Calling the Shots, Mac (1)*
- 7 *The Brass Ring, Clegg and Sherrill (1)*
- 8 *Focus on Time, Epiphany (1)*
- 9 *The Last Years, Proust (1)*
- 10 *Don't Mess, A Personal Contribution, Maclean (1)*

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# NEC

# A marriage that broke the bettors

BY ALLAN FOTHERINGHAM

There are, as we know, highly endangered species on the planet Earth. There is the duckbill platypus and the three-toed sloth. There is the honest public relations man. Not to mention the politician who knows how to make a 30-minute speech. Most sure, however, is the Fitzgibbon Professional Bachelor, a cherished specimen that should be preserved in a zoo—and an anthropologist of sociology will attest—must be attended when it passes from existence.

There was one such passing last week, the demise of one of the flowers of the honest Oliver: the burning presence of Congrave and City Oliver's best friend, but the best friend to his wife. Walked down the aisle, thereby cancelling bets in every press club in Canada, astonishing not only himself but his bride and her parents who had almost given up hope.

Those of us who attended the local newspapers (cautiously warned about our bets) applauded the success of the first ability to chew the bullet. It was Dr. Johnson who said the definition of a second marriage was the triumph of hope over experience, but Congrave, wife of late in *terrore*, marched into the breach of hell with good humor, knowing that the honest dollars of our transactional bets rested with him.

My favorite Cong Oliver story (of which there are 2,000) is when he was a young radio announcer in Prince Rupert, from which he shipped his first wife, who was then driving a car, crossing the divide one day when he pulled this homogenous white patch and, staggering down the gangplank, came who else but Bug Crosby and Phil Harris. They went up the B.C. coast every summer, salmon fishing.

Cong's mother walked three around in their clothes, the liquor store and other mad matters, and allowed to them that her tender little boy worked at the local station and if they dropped by, pretending to know him, it would speed his progress to stardom. Of course, said the bearded Hollywood beauty. They visited over the station and the station's still goes much apogee. Guess what? It's Cong's



day off. "It took me five more years to get out of that God-damned town," he remembers.

The way to measure a man is by his friends. Oliver's buddies are all here, the men he takes every summer on an arboreal canoeing expedition through uncharted rivers in the Canadian North. His boss at CTV, Tim Knudsen? Denis Blaney, a vice-president. Ted Johnson, a former Pierre Trudeau aide. David Sloan, a deputy minister in the Ontario cabinet. George, O.P. Trudeau himself went on one of the hazardous jaunts. It is evidence of Oliver's reach that the cause also involves two other guests—John Macdonald, *Financial Post* editor, and his now-estranged John Godfrey, editor of the *Financial Post*.

It is the recurring joke of the festivities over the champagne toast, "the world's longest-planned marriage"—as one of the telegrams played it. Oliver, whose hair is receding more rapidly than his wit, claimed that he proposed

just two years ago—on a beach in Tahiti, at midnight, under a full moon, on her birthday, with a ring bought at Tiffany's.

The beautiful Anne-Marie—thus, which there has not been a more amazing bride this season—in her speech said that was a pipeable lie. It was, in fact, 37 months, and the wedding dress had been awaiting for two years and was in constant danger of disintegration.

There was a telegram from a Mulroney and Koestler, as best man and emcee attended the groom that the 180 assembled guests should not be regarded as individuals but as witnesses.

Among the assembled was longtime friend the elegant Iona Campagnolo, another Prince Rupert native. "She's not just a cheapskate every month for years," the groom told the champagne drinkers, "in return for not revealing that she was ahead of me in high school."

The best thing, aside from the wit, was the setting: the Midland House on the grounds of Stony Brook Hospital, it being the pleasant, oak-filled mansion of trust funds. J. S. McKinnon.

A theme built on history, an ancient personal memory, a wealth of all the media guests.

My second favorite Cong Oliver story is that when he first took up his Washington posting seven years ago before recently phoning it for Ottawa, the hottest rock jock in town was a teenage idol by name of Cong Oliver. That led, unbeknownst at parties, was indiscreetly exposed once—once as one ever knows what a radio personality looks like. Once back in his past, they discovered the truth, that this was an unknown Congrave and not the real thing. And that? "Not to worry, they had half their clothes off by then anyway."

His father once gave him some very good advice. It was that whenever he sat down to a poker game, look around, because there was always one sucker at the table. If he couldn't pick him out, get up and walk away—he was obviously the sucker.

Cong's son has flown in from Israel for the wedding, a young man with an unusually modest and unassuming. There are tons of women, all giggling as the man still embraces his, the odds shortening. 20 minutes before the march up the aisle is to begin. Much at discussion is the proposal that some wives are actually to be allowed at next summer's paternal-banqueting, yet-to-be-determined expeditions to the Angel waters of some arctic river.

The groom got portage with a horrendous pack on his back and a canoe on his head and was marooned by the light of a fire—but can he take out the guppies?

Has a good one, you two



# trust me

"Maybe you're right. Maybe none of us should bother with a car after all."

"Good. Now tell me, what time do you expect to be home?"

"Aw, Mom."

"Famous last words."

"Come on, Mom, you know I'm a good driver."

"I know. But it's a big occasion and you'll be out with your friends. If you wind up having a few drinks you mightn't be so terrific driving home."

"I won't drink. I promise."

"That's easy enough to say now."

"Well, I can always get a lift back with one of the others."

"I have a better idea. Why don't you all share a cab instead? It won't be that expensive and you might be doing yourselves a favor."

# Seagram

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